

# DRAW UP A CHAIR

By  
WILLIAM H. RIDGWAY  
Author of  
"IN GOD WE TRUST"—AND WHY NOT?  
"THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN"

Facsimile by  
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DRAW UP A CHAIR

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## FOREWORD

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DURING the depression, when business halted and mails were light, the author took advantage of the occasion to dictate between one and two hundred of the stories he had been telling through a long and active life. These stories were put into permanent manuscript shape for his grandchildren. There was no thought that the stories would ever be printed for those to read outside of the immediate family.

The W. A. Wilde Company heard of this collection of stories and the author was asked if he would get a few of them together with a view of making them into a book, as it was thought that there might be other people who might enjoy these stories, some of which were more or less biographical. The stories met the approval of the editorial advisers of the publishing company, and the book was put out under the title:

"IN GOD WE TRUST"  
(Cries the Little Red Cent)  
AND WHY NOT?

These stories met with so much favor that the author was asked to get another lot of his stories

ready. This was done, and the stories were printed under the title *The Christian Gentleman*.

This book met with even greater favor than *In God We Trust*, and the author was asked to get a third lot of his stories together. These stories are now presented under the title, *Draw Up a Chair*.

The stories may strike some readers as being extremely personal and intimate, but those readers are reminded that the stories were written entirely for the Ridgway family circle and not for the neighbors or other outsiders "listening in."

The first impulse, when the idea of printing the stories was suggested, was to rewrite them and dress them all up in "party clothes" for company, but on further consideration it was thought that perhaps such readers into whose hands the book might come would enjoy them all the more for the familiar "every-day duds" style in which they were written for the author's grandchildren.

This idea is illustrated by an incident related in one of the former books. A mother was having some trouble in getting her boy to go to Sunday school. One day she read him some of the author's stuff on the current Sunday school lesson. When she had finished the boy exclaimed, "Gee, mom, that old bird is human!"

The author writes a weekly column for the *Sunday School Times* and the mother wrote that she subscribed to the *Times* for the boy's teacher and suggested that she read some of "Mr. Ridgway's" stuff



to her boys every Sunday. This she did, "And," writes the mother, "my boy and his gang are all crazy to get to Sunday school to discover 'what atrocity Old Man Ridgway will be guilty of this time.'"

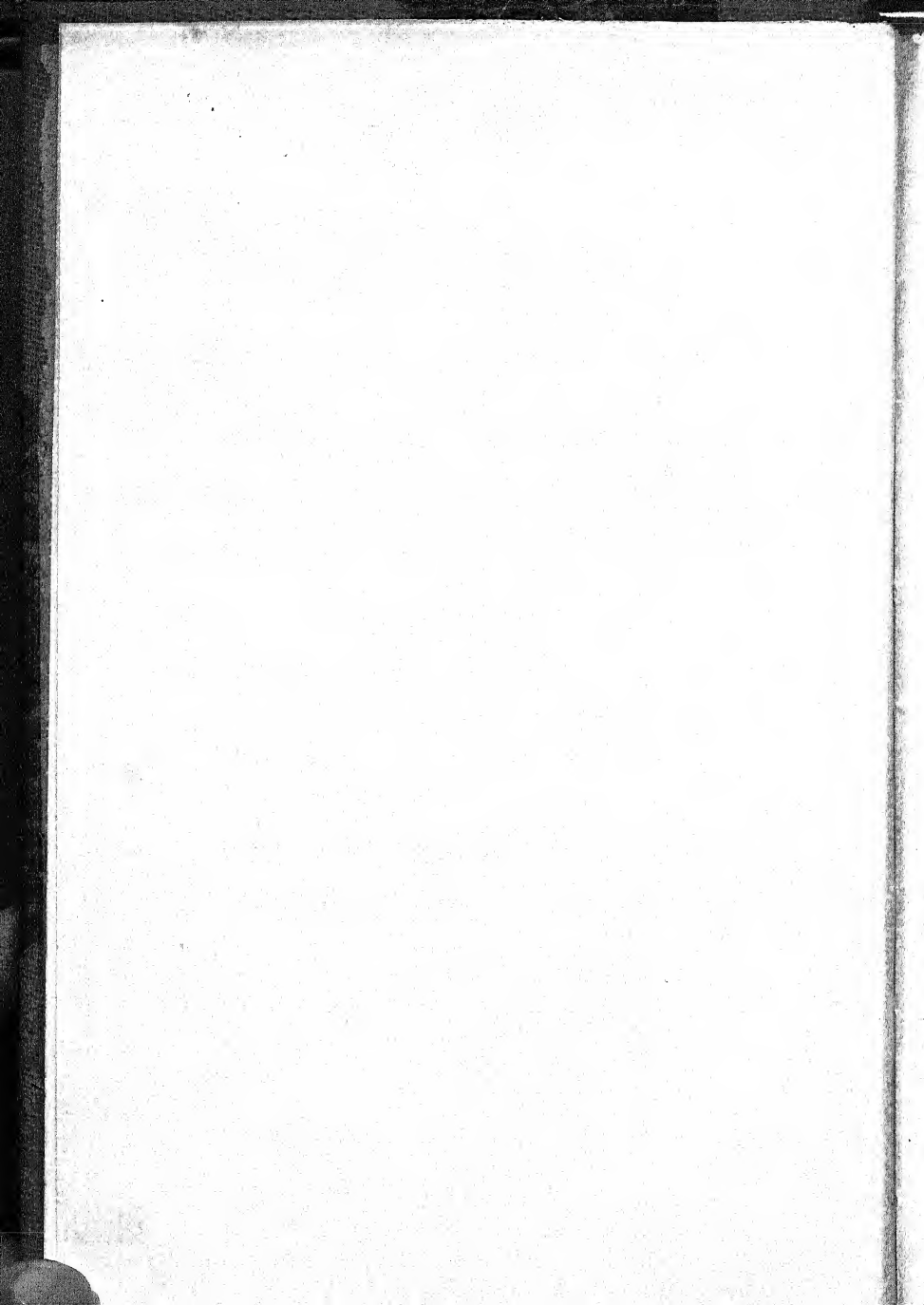
So the readers of this volume are warned that they may run across some of "Old Man Ridgway's atrocities."

Because of the intimate style in which the stories are told those already printed have proven to be books with a religious touch which a man or woman, who has no particular religious interest, once beginning to read continues to do so to the end of the book.

The author is continually receiving letters from all kinds and conditions of people saying the stories have been the means of changing their old ideas, and in consequence the whole trend of their lives, for the better.

At one time it was thought to call this third and present collection of stories "Human Documents," but it was discovered that there were already three books published with this title, and the present title, *Draw Up a Chair*, was suggested.

So the reader will kindly imagine that he has rolled down the Lincoln Highway and has stopped and honored the author with a visit, and as we sit together in the library these experiences are lived over again in pleasant and sympathetic company.



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## II

### THE OLD JIMS

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SMITH and Jones were the respective presidents of two prosperous companies I know, both engaged in the same line of business. Both Smith and Jones had an efficient corps of agencies and salesmen all over the land, and Smith's salesmen were working day and night to get orders away from Jones' salesmen, while Jones' salesmen were working day and night to get orders away from Smith's salesmen. In a business way Smith and Jones did not exchange confidences, and while they respected each other they did not have much use for each other, and they never chummed around together.

The families of Smith and Jones happened to be at Atlantic City. Jones was taken sick. When Smith heard Jones was sick he went to the florist and had a dozen of the biggest and finest American Beauty roses sent to Jones with a card:

"With best wishes,  
"SMITH."

Mrs. Jones, of course, wrote a note thanking Smith for his kindness.

Smith had a man who had been working for him for years, whom we will call "Old Jim." By great care and frugality Old Jim had been able to save enough money through the Building and Loan Association and Christmas savings fund to pay for his little home, in which he and his wife lived. Old Jim had gone to work for the concern when it was much smaller than it is now, and the great company of "Old Jims" in that plant had earned the money that made possible the great expansion of the concern and the fine salaries and bonuses paid at the main office. Old Jim was proud of the success of the company, and was proud that he could have had a hand in it.

Then one day after many years of unbroken service Old Jim was taken sick. (Remember Old Jim never tried to cut down the earnings of the company by getting the valued orders into the hands of the Jones concern; no indeed, far from it. When that big order the Smith Company hoped to get went to the Jones Company, Old Jim, in the Smith Company, worried about it more than Old Man Smith did. Old Man Smith said, "That is one of the ways of competitive business." Old Jim down in the plant said, "It's a darn shame! We shouldn't have let it get away from us.")

So Old Jim got sick and did not turn up for work. The superintendent was in the office and said to the

boss, "Old Jim has not been out for several days. I hear he is sick."

"That's too bad," said Smith. "Whom have you got to do his work?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the superintendent. "I have a fellow who will take care of that machine all right."

Did Smith send Old Jim an armful of American Beauty roses like those he sent Jones, his competitor? *He surely did not.*

Now just suppose when Smith heard that one of his oldest and best men was laid up he had said to his chauffeur, "Drive me around to Walnut Street and stop at Thomas' and go in and get me that pretty pink azalea I saw in the window as I came by this morning."

Then Smith drove around to Old Jim's house and he went in and saw Old Jim and said, "Old fellow, how is this, you getting sick? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, an old fellow like you working with me so long, you ought to know better! Now I want you to stop this nonsense and get well! Have you got a good doctor? You haven't? Well, I will send Dr. Pratt, my doctor, around to see you and he will soon put you on your pins. Here is a pretty posy for you to look at."

Then Smith lays his soft office hand over on Old Jim's forehead and smooths his hair back a little and says, "Jimmy, old boy, you don't seem to have any fever. I guess you will be all right after a while, but

take it easy and don't let anything worry you. The yellow envelope will be along just as regularly as it has been coming along for the last twenty-five years."

Then Smith passes on to his office.

Mrs. Jim, a while later, talked with Mrs. Sam over the back fence. "Yes," said Mrs. Jim, "the boss was in to see Jim, and do you know, ever since he has been here Jim has been a different fellow. The boss sent his own doctor around here to see Jim. He says there is not much the matter with him, but that he is just a little bilious and a little tired, and says in a week or so Jim will be all right again and back at work."

And sure enough, Old Jim was all right again. But how many employers of an Old Jim buy a plant or a bunch of flowers and go around to see Old Jim and give him a word of cheer and a word of comfort, and if need be send a high-grade doctor to see him?

You probably know this old story: The president came around one day where an Old Jim was currying a big white horse. Said the president, "That is a pretty fine-looking percheron you have there, Jim."

"Yes, sir, but do you know, me and this here old hoss has been workin' for this company for fifteen years."

"Is that so!" said the president. "I expect the company thinks a whole lot of both you and the horse."

"I don't know about that," said Old Jim; "me and the hoss got sick not long ago and the company sent



a doctor for the hoss, but as for me, *they just docked my pay!* ”

I was telling this Old Jim story one day to one of the high officials of the United States Steel Company, and he said, “ Ridgway, I feel about these things just the same way you do, but it is impossible for an executive of a big concern to know very much about his men in a personal way.”

“ Yes,” I replied, “ unless he really wants to. You know all the golf players of any account, both in this country and Europe; you know all the baseball players and the batting averages and everything else in connection with them. Your hobby is birds, and you know all the birds of the forest and can whistle their songs. The reason you don’t know all the ‘ birds ’ out there in the mill is because you are not interested in men outside of your own particular specialty.

“ Just as soon as you become really and truly interested in your fellow-men, while you may not know all these men out there to be able to call them by name, like Napoleon Bonaparte and Dr. Edgar Fahs Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, you will know them well enough to sympathize with them in these problems of life which the working man has to meet and solve, and you will hold yourself ready to help them a little bit if the occasion arises, just as you would rush to the help of one of your beloved birds that had a broken wing or a splintered leg—indeed, aren’t you the fellow who put a carrier pigeon’s leg in splints one time?

"You will be able to get down where your men live. When Mr. Boss does this the labor agitators will be licked."

"Yes," replied the president. "Ridgway, to be honest about it, you are exactly right, and I want to tell you that hereafter I am going to take on another hobby along with my birds, and that hobby is going to be the men who make my salary for me and earn the dividends on my stock,"



## LOSING YOUR FEATHERS

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SOME years ago there came to Coatesville a temperance lecturer named Purdy. He set up a large tent on a vacant lot in the center of town and opened war on old John Barleycorn. Old John was having his own way with some of the workers in the steel mills. Lecturer Purdy had a stereopticon and depended upon his free picture shows to draw the people. And they did.

Purdy was a man with a fine voice and a dramatic manner, and he could put on a picture and describe it in a way that made his presentation a real work of art.

One of his best productions was "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." He had kindred stories, with pictures to illustrate them.

Having a fine tenor voice Professor Purdy could render:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes one.

You said you were coming right home from the shop

As soon as your day's work was done.

He would sing the song in a way that would greatly move the audience, as the slides showed the scenes of the verses.

Professor Purdy, unlike most temperance lecturers, did not deal in long statistics of crime and poverty, things which usually go over the heads of the hearers, but with picture and story he got down to cases, with the result that "the common people heard him gladly" and packed his big tent night after night.

I do not remember all that "Professor Purdy" talked about the night I was there but, to illustrate the effectiveness of his method, I will tell the following story of his which I have never forgotten. With this he clinched his argument, that many a man would never have lost character and fortune if he had never touched strong drink. When you hear the story you will see how well the lecturer was able to drive his point home to his hearers. Among a great collection of stories I have stored away in the files of memory, I find this one as vivid after thirty-odd years as when fresh from the able lecturer. Let every preacher, teacher, lawyer or other man or woman, whose business it is to influence folks, take careful note of a masterpiece.

#### THE STORY:

Down in one of the Southern States there lived on one of the old plantations a widow and her daughters. A part of the produce of the plantation, and one upon

which the women depended for their pin money, was their turkeys.

This story was before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment. Just as Kentucky was famous for its Mint Juleps, this State was equally as famous for its Cherry Bounce. In the season when the cherries are at their best they are carefully picked and selected and put in a jar and covered with brandy. The ladies of this plantation had fine Morello cherries, and their Bounce was famous for its fine quality.

After the cherries had been well steeped and the brandy had thoroughly absorbed the fine flavor of the fruit, the cherries were thrown out into the barnyard to be trodden under the feet of the cattle and destroyed.

About the time the cherries were cast out a flock of the plantation turkeys also arrived. They found the fruit very much to their taste. The alcoholic cherries soon disappeared, as did also the turkeys.

When night approached and it was time to look after the turkeys and get them safely to their roosts, they could not be found in the usual places where sundown usually led them. Mose, the hired man, was sent out in search of them.

Presently Mose came back with his black face as long as his arm, and in a dolorous voice said:

"Mis' Libby, de turks am all down de lane piled up in a heap in de fence corner an' dey is all as daid as dat ole hawk nailed to de barn do'."

"Mis' Libby" and her daughters were greatly dis-

turbed as they learned of the loss of their pin money. They rushed down the lane, to where the turkeys were reported to be, and sure enough, there they were, to all appearances, piled up "dead as the old hawk on the barn door."

"Well," said Mis' Libby, "we've lost our turkey money, it would seem, but turkey feathers have a good price, and we'll pick them while they are warm. Mose, run up to the house and have Mandy give you some pillow cases."

So the turkeys were all picked and Mose was given directions that he should go the next morning and dig a hole down where the turkeys were found and bury them.

The next morning while "Mis' Libby" and her daughters were at breakfast they were interrupted by Mose, who rushed into the dining room, out of breath and with eyes bulging, and cried:

"Oh, Missy, come, come an' look, an' see if ya see what I see a-comin' up de lane—dey's hants, Mis' Libby, dey's turkey hants!"

(At this point of his recital Professor Purdy had come to a position right in front of his white lighted screen, which had no picture on it. With the fez-like turban that he wore and his chin whiskers, his silhouetted profile on the screen made him look like a big turkey gobbler.)

The women all rushed to the front portico, and there before their eyes, coming up the lane, was the whole flock of "dead" turkeys, all of them without



a single feather to hide their nakedness. It was the strangest procession that ever came into a farmyard.

The parade was led by one big Tom Turkey, and by his side stepped a little gobbler. As they moved along big Tom Turkey kept nodding his head up and down, chirping at each step:

"Quit—quit—quit—quit—quit—quit!"

(As Professor Purdy imitated old Tom Turkey's "quit—quit—quit" he walked across the light beam that illuminated the screen, nodding his head up and down, so that his shadow looked exactly like Tom Turkey, to the great delight of the crowd of us who packed his tent.)

"Quit — quit — quit — quit—quit—quit," repeated Old Tom.

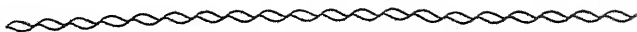
The little gobbler looked up at Old Tom and said, sharply and sarcastically:

"*You big fool, you, if you had 'quit' before you began you would not have lost your feathers!*"

Then said Professor Purdy, "The ushers will now take up the usual collection."



## HELL: WHERE AND WHEN?



HELL is the most interesting place of which we have any account. Some folks believe in a Hell and some do not. Those who reject the Scripture statements in regard to the place are usually those who do not hesitate to say to one who displeases them, "Oh, you go to —."

Those who believe the words of the Old Book that there is a Hell, have only an academic interest in the place. These are those known as Christians and they have taken advantage of the means provided for escaping the famous place to which the anti-Christians would have their enemies go when they cry, "Oh, you go to —!"

Jesus came to save the world from death and Hell—and there is no other name with which to beat the Devil and his Hell.

One of the hottest places on earth is a big open-hearth steel furnace in full boil. Isaac Thompson, labor boss in the Lukens Steel Company of Coatesville, was a converted old-time iron puddler. All the men loved "Ike," but they liked to tease him. Ike



was a good Presbyterian and thoroughly believed in the existence of a real Hell and kept his mill mates reminded of the fact.

One day as Ike passed along the steel plant floor the boys pointed to a big furnace and cried, "Ike, do you think your Hell is anything like old number four over there, sizzling away turning pig iron and scrap into high-grade steel?"

"I don't know," replied Ike, "an' I ain't a-carin'. *I'm not headin' that way!*"

For some reason people who are "headin' that way" like to talk about Hell. Funny, isn't it? Seems to be in the blood.

Out at Winona Lake, where Billy Sunday lived and where he spoke, someone put in his question box:

"Can a Christian who chews tobacco go to Heaven?"

To this Billy replied:

"I know of no reason why a Christian who simply chews the leaf of plants, mixed with licorice and molasses, should not go to Heaven, but *he will have to go to Hell to spit.*"

I like this wisecrack from Billy. One day a man said to Billy, "I do not believe there is any such place as Hell."

To this Billy replied:

"If I believe the Bible is true and there is a Hell, and you believe the Bible is not true and there is no Hell, and we both die and find that there is no Hell,

I can't see that you have anything on me. But, O boy, if *it turns out there is a real Hell, I've got you beat to a frazzle!*"

About a half-mile north of Coatesville there is a hamlet which goes by the name of Rock Run. Years ago there was a rolling mill there that made the plates for the first iron ships that were built in this country. This mill, which was known as "Pennock's," made the plates for the Roach Shipyards at Chester, where was built the *City of Tokio* and the *City of Peking*, at that time the two largest iron ships in the world.

The mill has long since disappeared, but the village which grew up around the mill still remains. Here the houses, which have no conveniences, rent at very moderate prices.

There was a little Sunday school here which was on the point of being abandoned. Notwithstanding the fact that I already had a class of men in the home church, in the morning, the minister asked me if I would not go up there for three or four weeks and reorganize this school and "pull it out of the hole," as he expressed it. I went to Rock Run, and instead of being there a few weeks I have been there forty-five years.

Right near the school there are two bridges. One of these passes over a branch of the Reading Railroad, and right alongside of it is another bridge which passes over the Brandywine.

On Sunday afternoons these bridges were the great

loafing places of the village. There was always a number of older and younger men gathered there.

We thought it was a very good place to hold some outdoor meetings. After Sunday school sessions we would take a small organ and gather there and sing hymns. Then we would have some layman, preferably a working man, from the town to speak to the company assembled.

On this particular occasion of which I write we had secured for our speaker a man by the name of Grier Hoskins, who at that time was foreman in an iron foundry. The subject of his talk this afternoon was the story of the rich man and Lazarus—Lazarus, the beggar, had lain at the gate of the rich man, and they had both passed away. The speaker described the situation and told in the language of the foundry and the mill the striking story of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and of the rich man who wished him sent to the place where he was in torment, and who was told that since there was a great gulf between them it could not be done.

Hoskins, who had been in his time a drinker and a "cusser," was a very intense and graphic speaker, and he painted the picture of the hot world in such vivid rolling-mill colors that no one could fail to understand.

In the midst of his earnest and impassioned address, one of the men on the bridge cried out, "Say, Hoskins, where is this Hell you are so noisily blathering about?"

"Gallagher, do you really want to know where Hell is?—because if you do I can tell you just exactly where you will find it."

"Yes, I want to know," laughed Gallagher.

"Gallagher, you will find Hell right at the end of your misspent life, and that goes for all the rest of you here who are living the same sort of a life and are not taking advantage of the only way to escape that place."

There was no more laughter in that crowd of bridge loafers, and Grier Hoskins finished his address without further interruption.

The moral of these stories is very plain, so that he who runs may read. To the Christian, Hell is only a matter of academic interest. He knows where it is, but he is not "headin' that way."

## IV

### BILLY SUNDAY AT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

---

“RIDGEWAY, did you ever know how we came to get Billy Sunday to come to the University of Pennsylvania and thereby turn the great institution inside out?” asked Dr. Edgar Fahs Smith, the Provost.

No, I never had.

The Provost of the University of Pennsylvania is the man who “runs” the great college—if I may use the colloquial term—while the President of the University is the man who uses his energy and influence in raising the necessary funds for expansion and other purposes. The Provost is the man who comes into personal contact with the students.

Dr. Smith was one of the most remarkable and beloved educators of his day and generation. When he once came in personal contact with a student, Dr. Smith remembered him by name forever.

He came to Coatesville on the occasion of which I am about to tell and he met one of his students of twelve years before, who was then a chemist in one

of our large steel plants. As soon as Dr. Smith saw this former student he said:

"Hello, Roland, how are you?"

Afterward Roland said to me:

"Why, Mr. Ridgway, Dr. Smith has not seen me for twelve years."

I had heard of this wonderful faculty of Dr. Smith and I asked him how nearly true it was. He told me of an occasion when some of the alumni of the college, who were living in Paris, gave a dinner for him during a visit there. There were forty-two of the graduates of the University of Pennsylvania at that dinner, not one of whom Dr. Smith had seen for from ten to fifteen years. He said, "Mr. Ridgway, I was able to call all but three of that group by their first names, and there are good reasons why I could not recall the names of the three."

Dr. Smith was an earnest Christian and one of the most beloved men who ever sat in the high place to administer a college. He came to Coatesville to speak for me at a function of the Iron Rose Bible Class, and I had Dr. Smith, Mr. Charles L. Huston and Billy Treffeisen, President of the Iron Rose Class, to dinner with Mrs. Ridgway and myself.

After the soup, at which point Dr. Smith stopped his meal, since he had to speak later, he said:

"Ridgway, did you ever hear how we came to get Billy Sunday to the University?"

Of course I never had, although the visit of Billy Sunday to Pennsylvania University was probably the

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most striking event that ever occurred in the history of that remarkable man, or in the history of any college. Billy Sunday was only one day at Pennsylvania University, and yet the whole life of the student body was transformed, as by miracle.

At his invitation they poured up the "Saw Dust Trail" by the hundreds, each student promising Billy Sunday that, with God helping him, in the future he would try to lead a Christian life.

Immediately afterward these boys, in pairs, went speaking and evangelizing all over Eastern Pennsylvania and nearby New Jersey towns, places which they could reach and still get home in time for their studies. They were given pulpits in hundreds of churches, to which young men were attracted by the novelty of having University men doing the "preaching." The remarkable thing was that these unpracticed college boys seemed to be inspired with a special message.

The effect of the meetings was electric and tremendous, and although years have passed since that occasion, Coatesville, and I presume other towns, still feels the good influence. It was this that Dr. Smith had in mind when he said:

"Ridgway, did you ever hear how we came to get Billy Sunday to the University of Pennsylvania?"

"Tell us, Doctor," I said.

And as we ate our dinner the Doctor told the story.

"When Billy Sunday was at Wilkes-Barre having his meetings, I called some of the key men of the

University together—the man who was head of the baseball, the man who was head of football, the man head of the boating, and many of the others, to the number of ten. I told them I wanted them to go, at the expense of the University, to Wilkes-Barre and attend the Billy Sunday meetings on Sunday, and on Monday to come back and meet me at dinner in the evening and give me the impressions which the Billy Sunday meetings had made upon them.

“This they did, and as we sat around the table, every man in turn spoke most favorably of the meetings, in fact they seemed to be carried away by Billy Sunday and his messages.

“When I came to the man Brown, who was head of the rowing activities and the best stroke we have ever had at the University in my time, he said:

“‘Dr. Smith, you know why I am here in the college. You know I do not like lessons at all but have been staying here simply because it is the wish of my father and mother. I have never done any more studying than just enough to get by. My interests are out there on the Schuylkill River, where I spend pretty nearly all my spare time. But, Dr. Smith, late on Sunday night at Wilkes-Barre I wrote my dear mother that her prayers at last had been answered. The heart’s desire of my mother has always been that I might become a minister of the gospel, but I have always laughed at her. Dr. Smith, I was one of the men on Sunday night who “struck the trail” and took Billy Sunday by the hand and promised him and my



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God that in the days to come I was going to serve my Saviour. I have made up my mind that I am going to prepare myself for the Christian ministry, and I would be very glad if Billy Sunday could come here to the University.' ”

Continued Dr. Smith, “Every one of the whole group agreed with Brown and thought it would be a fine thing if Billy Sunday could be brought to the University. After this meeting there was only one thing to do, and that was to invite Billy to come down from Wilkes-Barre.

“Billy’s rest day at that time was Monday, and so Monday was selected for him to come to the University, and due announcement of the meeting was made.

“A number of the Board of Managers came to me to protest against my having invited Billy Sunday. One of them said:

“‘Doctor, don’t you think you are making a mistake to invite this man, who I understand is somewhat of a clown? It would seem to me a man such as he is said to be would not exactly fit in with the dignity of an institution like this.’

“‘Well, my friend,’ I said, ‘Billy has been invited and he is coming. The meetings are advertised, so I don’t see that we can do anything about it.’

“Dr. White, a manager, who was one of the leading Philadelphia physicians at that time and much interested in the athletics of the University, also made a protest, as did another manager, who is one of the leading merchants of the city.”

I might say in passing that later when Billy Sunday came to Philadelphia for a series of meetings those objecting gentlemen asked for season tickets that they might attend the meetings—which they did.

Dr. Smith went on, "Billy came and the student body turned out in a great crowd to meet the evangelist. The building where we had the first meeting was too small to hold all who wanted to get in, and for the evening meeting a much larger place was secured, and it was packed to the doors.

"In the morning Billy preached that one of his sermons which had a special appeal to college men, referring largely to his activities when he was a professional baseball player and to the history of his old mates in that profession. This message gripped the boys. The evening address, however, was strictly evangelical.

"At the close of the evening address he said:

"'Boys, this morning we had a rattling good time together and I certainly did enjoy meeting you all, but I did not come all the way down from Wilkes-Barre, riding through the night, just to have a good time. I came down to see if I could not get some of you fellows to come up here and take my hand, and by that action say, "I am taking the Lord Jesus Christ to be my personal Saviour and, God helping me, I propose from now on to lead a Christian life.'"

"Mr. George Wharton Pepper, former United States Senator, who was much interested in Billy and our securing him, had come in to the evening meeting and

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taken a seat about six rows from the front. The first one to accept Billy Sunday's invitation and rise and walk up and take his hand was George Wharton Pepper, Jr. I glanced around at his father and saw George Wharton Pepper, Sr., drop his head on the seat in front of him.

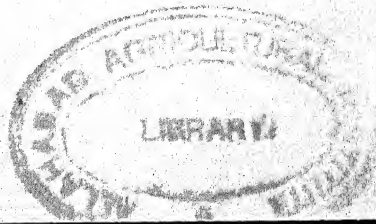
"The boys came up by the hundreds, and you know, Ridgway, what happened, how the power of the Holy Spirit seemed to come right down on that gathering. The boys started out through all the surrounding country, two by two, just as they did in the days of the Early Church, testifying of the work of the grace of God in their hearts."

Dr. Smith paused, drank his coffee and gave a look which said, "Now listen to the big news!"

"We had in the University at that time a superior young man, whom we will call 'Dean.' He was a splendid-looking fellow and was enrolled in the Wharton School of Finance. He was one of the brightest and most attractive men we have ever had in the institution. He occupied one of the finest and most expensive dormitory rooms and dressed in the very latest and best of clothes. He seemed to be plentifully supplied with money for all purposes. His influence throughout the college was tremendous and far-reaching.

"He came to my office one day shortly after the Sunday meetings, and said, 'Dr. Smith, I have come to bid you good-by.'

"'Where are you going?' I asked in surprise.



"'I am leaving the college for good.'

"'Why, how can that be? Dean, we have always looked upon you as one of the most promising men we have ever had here in the college. We have prophesied that some day you would make a career that would shed great honor on this institution, and we certainly do not want you to leave the University.'

"'Doctor,' said Dean, 'you never knew it, I expect, but I'll have to tell you I have been put here in the University by certain liquor interests. All the money I have been spending and all the style in which I have been living have been by the grace of men who are in the liquor business. My real business here in this institution is to combat all temperance movements and create an atmosphere against anything that points toward Prohibition, but, Dr. Smith, I was one of the fellows who listened to Billy Sunday that Monday you had him here and I was one of the men who went up and "struck the trail." I have advised my principals I could no longer serve them in the capacity I have been serving them. I have rendered them an accurate account of all the money I have expended, and have sent them my note for the amount. I have no means and no position now, but I always could get a good paying job, and I think I will be able to get such a job again, at which time I will be able to pay off this note. In the meantime I have determined to dedicate my life in the future to the work of the Lord, whom I confessed the other night by going up and taking Billy Sunday's hand.'"

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Said Dr. Smith, "I was amazed at this revelation, and said to Dean, 'Don't you do anything about the matter for a little while, and I will see you later.'"

"Dean continued in the University," said Dr. Smith significantly, "and finished his course. If his life is spared I think you are going to hear big things about this man."

By that time dinner was over and we had to go out to the meeting, where Dr. Smith was the speaker of the evening.

I was telling this story one day to a Bible class, taught by the late Mr. Walter S. Hubbell, Secretary of the Eastman Kodak Company at Rochester, New York. At the end of the story Mr. T. Edward Ross, of Philadelphia, the accountant, came to me and said:

"Ridgway, you have not got all of that story. There is some more to it that is interesting."

"Go ahead and tell it to me."

"The man you called 'Dean' was engaged to be married to a brewer's daughter. After his conversion he went to the girl and told her that he loved her just as much as he ever did, but that he was one of Billy Sunday's converts and had become a Christian, and as such he would have to work against her father's business. He could not ask her to keep her promise to marry him under those conditions, and if she wished, their engagement would be broken."

"Well, Ed," I asked, "what did she do?"

Ed said, "I never knew."

"Well then," I replied, "it would seem to be another case of 'The Lady and the Tiger.'"

As a supplement to this story I might add that I was telling this story up at Toronto, at a time when Prohibition was being voted on, and the "drys" and the "wets" were having a very spirited and heated contest.

The newspapers got the name of the college wrong when they reported my address. They said it was Princeton University instead of Pennsylvania University. One of the leaders of the "wets" telegraphed the President of Princeton University as to what I had said, and the President telegraphed back, according to the newspaper report, that I was an unmitigated liar, that Billy Sunday had never been at Princeton University.

I wrote the Princeton President explaining the mistake, but up to the time of his death I have never received any letter from him apologizing for calling a fellow-citizen an unmitigated liar.

However, on the other hand, I got one of the nicest letters I have ever received from the leader of the "wets" in the Imperial Parliament, inviting me to visit him at his beautiful home. I wrote to thank him, and told him I thought the day would come when he would find that we who opposed the sale of liquor were moved by heartfelt convictions and he would likely come around to our side, as many others had done.

He replied that he would not be surprised if such

*Billy Sunday at University of Pennsylvania 35*

should be the case, as he did not really have any better opinion of the traffic than I had.

If this present writing should meet the eyes of Ontario readers, they will remember the incident during the warm campaign when it became front page stuff and was reprinted from the Toronto papers all over the Dominion as good ammunition for the "drys."



## BELLS AND BEEF!



WE hear much about "Church Unity" these days. This is a story of churches "working and pulling" together. By so doing they make a strong appeal to those who are inclined to give the religious assemblies the absent treatment of "go by."

Some years ago I had in my home, at a party for my Iron Rosers, Mr. Frank Hoy, a member of The Mrs. John Y. Boyd Bible Class of Harrisburg. Frank was a smart and witty and a "life-of-the-party" kind of a fellow. In the course of the evening he said to me:

"Mr. Ridgway, when I visit a town, if I can hear the church bells, I can tell the denomination which is calling its members to worship."

"Yes you can, in a pig's eye!" I exclaimed.

"All you have to do is to have an ear for church bell music, and cultivate it," replied Frank. "Now it's this way. Away off yonder you hear a bell singing:



Put 'em under  
Put 'em under  
Put 'em under

"That is the Baptist Church calling its own.

"Over in another part of town we hear the beautiful music of chimes coming through the air:

Aren't we fine—fine—fine—fine  
Aren't we fine—fine—fine—fine  
Aren't we fine—fine—fine—fine

"From this we know the elite of the city is being called together for their noble vesper service.

"Then as we listen we hear a thunderous and ominous bell over on the Avenue pealing out a warning:

Hell and dam-na-tion  
Hell and dam-na-tion  
Hell and dam-na-tion

"This is the big Blue Stocking Presbyterian bell calling in no uncertain tones the Scotch-Irish to the Kirk.

"Over on the East Side, if we listen, we hear a little peppy bell, about half-way in tone between the Episcopal chimes and the Presbyterian 'You'd better come':

They're all too young, they're all too young  
They're all too young, they're all too young  
They're all too young, they're all too young

"You are listening to the voice of Martin Luther calling his faithful ones to the service for which he dared the devil and risked his life.

"Along toward sundown, you will hear coming from over across the railroad tracks in taps of three:

One only Church  
One only Church  
One only Church

"That is the Angelus Bell inviting the faithful Catholics to the recitation of the angelic salutation, Ave Maria.

"But you have not yet heard the best bell of all," said Frank. "Over there in the West End you will hear a bell go booming like Big Ben in London:

ROOM for ALL  
ROOM for ALL  
ROOM for ALL

"That is the spirit of the Wesleys calling the big congregation of the common people to the warmth and hominess of the virile Methodist brethren."

As Frank Hoy had a fine musical voice, it did not take much of an imagination, as he told and intoned his story, to hear these very bells themselves.

Some years later I was made president of a convention composed of all religious denominations, including Catholics. In order to illustrate that in spite of our many differences, we were all interested in the

one purpose of getting people to the worship of God and away from the worship of Mammon and the other idols, I told this story of the bells, which seemed particularly fitting.

After the opening meeting one of the leading men in the Methodist Church of the city where we were holding our convention—it was Latrobe, Pennsylvania—came to me and said:

“Mr. Ridgway, the boys are making wagers that in your term as president you will tell as many as twenty-three stories. I am betting on you, but in case you should run out I want to tell you one I got from the late Bishop McCabe of our church. It is a good mate for your bell story.

“The Bishop was travelling over the western country trying to raise money in the Methodist Church for one of their missionary enterprises. The churches were not responding liberally.

“In his travels on the prairie the Bishop said he came upon a long-geared, bronzed native, driving a double yoke of oxen.

“Instead of crying, ‘Whoa, haw Buck’ and ‘Gee, yea Berry,’ ‘Get up Bill’ and ‘Come along Jim,’ he was saying, ‘Whoa, haw Baptist,’ and ‘Gee, yea ‘Piscopal,’ and ‘Get up Hell Fire’ and ‘Come along Methodist.’

“The Bishop approached Old Long John teamster and said, ‘My friend, you seem to have very peculiar names for your oxen. How come?’

“‘Well, parson,—as I reckon ya are from yer collar

buttoned on behind—them there oxen are named jest accordin' to their peculi-arities.'

" 'How's that?' asked the Bishop.

" 'Parson, ya see it's this-a-way. See that old Baptist ox over there? Well, he is no sooner out of the yoke than he is off to a water hole, if there is one within five miles, and in it.

" 'Then there is that slick 'Piscopolitan ox. As soon as he is free from the yoke he goes away by himself and don't have nothing to do with the rest of the team.

" 'An' that ole P'esbyterian hell-fire ox, say, man, ya just got to watch him. The minute yer back is turned he is just as like as not to grab the fodder of all the other animals.

" 'Ya see that meek and modest-looking Methodist ox? Well, don't let him fool ya fer a minute. When the going is hard and the load heavy, he'll snort and grunt and beller and you'd think he was the one good ox in the whole team, but say, Parson, *he won't pull a darn pound.*' "

Here we are all of us, 207 religious bodies, with our various differences and peculiarities. We have 244,565 churches, with 62,035,688 members (last census). These churches are all hooked up to the same great load. The great job of these "oxen," which are called to the work by the many different bells, is to draw this sad old world of ours heavenward.

## VI

### A CHRISTIAN AND THE JEW

---

WHEN a man is a real Christian things seem to go his way.

One of the greatest paper manufacturers of this country was a boy who at fifteen years of age could neither read nor write nor half see. His folks were wretchedly poor, and he had a job in a paper mill at twenty-five cents a day, cutting buttons off of rags. He did it entirely by feel.

He got into a revival meeting, and for the first time in his life he heard of his Saviour, and when the invitation was given he went up to the "Mourners' Bench."

The church folks got interested in him and got him glasses. He was a bright boy and soon learned to read and write. He became active in the church, developed fine personal qualities and was one of the best paper salesmen in the country.

With some savings and the help of a friend or two they bought a tumble-down paper mill in Michigan. This mill has grown to large proportions, and is known as "The Model Paper Mill of the World."

The head of the organization lives alongside of his great mill; has his own little town, with his own church and minister, and his own park, golf course and baseball diamond.

He is in great demand as a speaker, on both religious and business topics.

The Scripture says, "When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." A man's enemy can be some physical defect. It may be his circumstances in life, and anything else that is against happiness, contentment and prosperity.

There is a gospel song entitled "The Old Time Religion," in which it says, "It makes me love everybody." When a man has the love of Christ in his heart that love spreads a smooth pavement before him over which he can safely and comfortably roll into happiness and prosperity.

No matter what we are, Protestant, Catholic or Jew, we are fellow-pilgrims in this world, with our bodies on their way to the earth from which we have come, and our souls on their way to the Father of us all, and as we go, why not be kind and considerate and thoughtful of others, as was our Master?

Here is an incident that occurred in the writer's life, which should be a lesson for all of us:

Some years ago, in the early days of the income tax, the company with which the writer is connected had made out their return in such a way that the Government auditors claimed a large sum was owing

to the Treasury. We protested the charge of the tax as not being owed.

We were required to put up a bond twice as large as the tax charge. A bonding company asked a high price for this service. Our company had purchased a large number of Liberty Bonds in the various drives and members of the company were also interested in a local Trust Company. Arrangements were made with the Trust Company to go on our bond if we would put up the Liberty Bonds to secure them against any loss.

I went to Philadelphia to call upon the Collector of Internal Revenue, who was at that time the late Mr. Ephraim Lederer.

When I called at his office and stated the situation one of his subordinates said it could not be done. I then insisted on seeing the Collector himself, and after some argument my card was taken in to his office. I was immediately ushered in and was received with a welcome that surprised me by its warmth and graciousness.

When I stated the case Mr. Lederer said, "Mr. Ridgway, there has been a ruling that only regular bonding companies should be accepted, but I see no reason why your arrangement may not be satisfactory, and I will look the matter up and let you know. Could you come in here next Friday for definite information?"

"Yes, Mr. Lederer," I replied, "I think I probably could, but the day before I have to go down to the

Cumberland Valley to address a meeting at Shippensburg. It will keep me hustling."

"What kind of a meeting?"

"It is a gathering of men's Bible classes."

"You write the Sunday school lessons for the *Sunday School Times*, I think."

"Yes, I do."

"Well," said Mr. Lederer, "if you cannot get back here Friday, how about the following Tuesday?"

"That is all right with me."

It had not occurred to either one of us that the following Tuesday was Election Day and a holiday in Government and other offices. However, I thought I had better keep the appointment.

When I arrived Mr. Lederer was waiting for me, and he said, "Mr. Ridgway, I have looked the matter up and your arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory."

"Mr. Lederer, I would like to ask you a question, which I hope will not offend you, and if you tell me that what I ask is none of my business I shall not be offended, because the answer to the question is none of my business, but I would like to know what church you belong to?"

He smiled and said, "Mr. Ridgway, I do not belong to any church. I belong to a synagogue."

"Well, Mr. Lederer, that is exactly what I thought, and the mystery to me is how you, a Jew, would know anything at all about my connection with the *Sunday School Times* and Christian Sunday schools."



He laughed and said, "Mr. Ridgway, my wife is the superintendent of all the Jewish Sunday schools in the city of Philadelphia. She subscribes to the *Sunday School Times* in order that she may be kept posted on the best methods in Sunday school work. For a long time I have been very much interested in your CORNER of that publication, and when your card came into the office I felt as if I had known you personally for many years."

Then he added, "I want you to know that you have access to me at any time you are pleased to honor me with a call. Your card will bring an instant interview, and I shall be glad to do anything I possibly can to help you in your case in Washington."

As it turned out, our "case in Washington" was adjusted with nothing at all to pay on our part.

Both Mr. Lederer and his wife have passed on to Father Abraham's Bosom, but suppose I had been one of the so-called Christians who "have it in" for the Jews, what a monumental mistake I would have made. But because I have tried to order my life as my Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, would have it, with the Jewish Government official I had not made an enemy, but a friend, who was in a position to save our company a sum of money of no small amount.

As the book says, "When a man does that which the Lord tells him to do the Lord makes other people help him" (Ridgway translation).

## VII

### "THE ANGEL WHO LOST HER WAY": SEQUEL

---

IN my book, "The Christian Gentleman," there is a chapter entitled "The Christian Gentleman and the Angel Who Lost Her Way." It tells of the writer's experience late one night, or rather early one morning, with a group of some thirty of the girls of the underworld at the Misses Boardman's Mission in Chinatown.

In the story the only girl whose real name was known was the lively, tipsy Irish girl named Kitty Shea, who was the life of the party and who has since gone to her Long Home.

"The Christian Gentleman" has had a wide circulation, and the story of "The Angel Who Lost Her Way" has made a deep impression.

Recently I received a letter from a lady in Duluth, Minnesota, stating that she had sent her brother, at Columbus, Ohio, a copy of "The Christian Gentleman" for a Christmas present, and she had received from him, under date of December 26th, the following letter:

*"The Angel Who Lost Her Way"* 47

Columbus, Ohio,  
December 26, 1937.

DEAR SISTER BESS:

Please accept my sincere appreciation for your very kind remembrance in the form of that little book, "The Christian Gentleman." I enjoyed reading it very much.

I should like to tell you of an incident which that book brought very forcibly to my mind:

When I was on the *U. S. S. Chicago* at New York, in 1903, I had a buddy we will call "Smith." He was a boy from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Before coming to New York "Smith" had received a letter from his folks telling him that his sister had run away from home to be married to a salesman she had met in Milwaukee.

It was the old story. The salesman deserted "Smith's" sister in New York without a cent. As there was no forgiveness at home the only outlook the girl had was to try for a job in the big heartless city. No job was to be had, so the poor kid went the usual way down.

When "Smith" asked me to help him hunt for his sister she had been gone a little over a year. We of course went to the police, the night courts, all the charity organizations, and finally to the Chinatown Bowery Settlement for Girls.

Having no success in this hunt we decided there was no use looking for her under her own name.

We were told there was a small restaurant, known as "Beef Steak John's" on the Bowery, which many of these girls from the Settlement used as a meeting place. We went there, and among such names as "One Arm Sue," "Jersey Lily," etc., we ran across a kid that was called "Tough Kitty."

*Draw Up a Chair*

This kid was a lively, good-natured Irish girl about twenty years old. She was full of fun, and her name we later found to be Kitty Shea. We told her of our hunt, and she told us she had known a girl from Milwaukee called "Dutch Mary" (her surname was a German one) who had worked as a scrub woman in a candy store and had been sent to Blackwell's Island, accused of stealing some of the candy.

We looked up this lead, and sure enough, it was "Smith's" sister.

We did not have enough money between us to get her out of jail and send her back home to Milwaukee, so we went back to the ship and told our story to the gang. We kept the girl's relation to "Smith" in the dark. Then the gang "shelled out" to the tune of \$560.00, with which we got the girl out of jail, bought her a new outfit and shipped her home to her people.

No one living knows her story but her brother and me, and she does not know that her brother was in on the hunt for her.

As I read Ridgway's little book I wondered if it is the same Kitty Shea.

Should you be interested, I am glad to tell you she is today the happy mother of three fine boys and one girl, living in Minnesota when last I heard of her, and that brother who had me help him hunt her up is chief engineer of one of the largest steamship companies on the West Coast.

Affectionately,

BROTHER WILL.

This story is a fine commentary on the famous Salvation Army slogan, "Down but never out."

One of the striking things in this story, a young man wrote to his sister, thirty-five years after the happening, is a revelation of the splendid character of our American sailor boys. Young fellows on board of a ship have plenty of uses for their pay when they have shore leave, yet the story of a poor girl, come to grief in a great city, touches their hearts and opens their pocketbooks to the tune of \$560.00.

It was the same Kitty Shea all right. She was just exactly the same kind of a girl that Brother Will described in his letter to his sister. With all her faults, Kitty had the good big Irish heart, for which the Irish are famous, and she was just the kind of a girl who would be only too glad to lend the young men help in their hunt for the lost sister.

Those who read the story of "The Angel Who Lost Her Way" in "The Christian Gentleman" will remember that Kitty was the life of the party at the Misses Boardman's Chinatown Rescue Mission.

This sequel to "The Angel Who Lost Her Way" story is printed because it demonstrates so strikingly how the lines of those who engage in religious work reach out and often cross, even after so long an interval as thirty-five years.

The story also shows that no girl who has made a mistake in her life, or taken a false step, need despair. There is always a way back. This young woman took the way back, and today she is a mother in a happy home, with four children.

While the letter from Brother Will does not say so,

the fact that his family are church and Sunday school people would leave little doubt but that they had engaged the hand of the Lord in the work of rescuing the young woman.

Just as I am getting these stories ready for the publisher I have a letter from Miss Annette B. Boardman of the Chinatown and Bowery Settlement for Girls, 9 Pell Street, two flights up, rear, in which she refers to the original story of "The Angel Who Lost Her Way," printed in "The Christian Gentleman," and this sequel in the present chapter, and in that letter she says this:

Thank you so much for the interesting and graphic description of the night of your visit at the Chinatown Settlement. I know you will be interested to hear that a girl rescued, very young, through the work of the mission, was found to be from a town very near the place on the Hudson where we spent our summers, and where my sister Clemence, who was associated with me in this work until her death, is buried. This saved girl now shows her gratitude by *growing flowers on my sister's grave.*

## VIII

### THE JUDGE AND THE PROFESSOR

---

ON the campus of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, is the old home of Benjamin West, the great early American painter. At the time of the story I am about to relate this West home was occupied by the late Dr. Wm. Hyde Appleton, Professor of Greek and a former interim president of the college.

One of my schoolmates was Jack Richards, who afterward became the Hon. John K. Richards, Solicitor General of the United States Army under President McKinley, and then Federal Judge in the Cincinnati district. At the time of this incident he was Judge Richards.

One of the heads of the Philadelphia public schools was Professor Gerritt Weaver, who was a graduate and had been a teacher at Swarthmore.

The three of us happened to be at Swarthmore celebrating one of the occasions, and we went to call on our old friend, Dr. Appleton. When we got there we found another Swarthmorian, in the person of Mr. Lawrence Fell, of Philadelphia.

During the course of our talk the boys commenced to jolly me a little. One of them said, "Bill, they tell me you have got very religious in these later days."

"Yes," I replied, "I have learned a few things since I left college, and one of those things is that unless you are born again you are a lost man. I have found out that unless you have a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ you cannot inherit eternal life. I have found out that the story in that big book up there on the president's desk is absolutely true, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin, and I have found out that the only really happy people in this world, that I run across, are those who, like myself, are under the blood of Jesus Christ, with a knowledge that all our sins have been forgiven because He bore them in His our body upon the cross. I believe that unless you fellows accept this way of salvation you are lost, and while it is a pretty hard word to say, your destination is the region of lost souls."

Dr. Appleton and the three friends did not believe any such "darn nonsense." They believed if a man did the best he could he need have no fear of the other world.

"Yes," I replied, "you are just whistling to keep your courage up. You know that neither you nor any other man ever does the best he can. You know, as you know your own heart, there are all sorts of wickedness, and just as the Old Book says, we are all prone to trouble as the sparks are to fly upward."



Then I told them the story of the rich man and Lazarus, how the rich man in Hell lifted up his eyes and saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and wanted a little water.

My four friends did not believe anything of the sort, so we had a very warm and lively discussion. Finally Dr. Appleton said, "William, I know exactly what thee is talking about and exactly how thee feels. I have not always been here at Swarthmore College. I was born and raised a Baptist, and was educated at Brown University, and am well acquainted with the doctrine which thee has expressed here, and I would not like to say thee is entirely wrong."

"Well, boys," I said, "I hope you are not mad at me because I have talked this way to you, but when you know that I believe as I have revealed to you I cannot see how you could have very much respect for me if I did not talk to you as I have been talking to you, warning you of what might happen, and showing you a way out to avoid this terrible catastrophe. Of course you fellows do not believe anything about a future punishment, or, as it is sometimes expressed, 'in a Hell,' but never forget what Billy Sunday has said.

"Billy Sunday said, 'If I believe there is a Hell and you believe there is no Hell, and we both die and it turns out there is no Hell, you have nothing on me, but if, on the other hand, it turns out that the Old Book is true and there is a Hell, to which you must go because you have made no preparations to avoid it,

I have got you beat to a frazzle, because I have accepted the way of salvation from this Hell.'

"So, boys, I hope you are not mad at me."

At that Judge Richards stepped up to one side of me and Professor Weaver stepped up to the other, and each of them put his arm around me, giving me a good tight hug, and said, "Bill, you old sardine, we love you today more than we ever did."

We parted, and I never saw Judge Richards or Professor Weaver again. A very short time after that Professor Weaver was taken sick and passed away, and in another short interval we got word that Judge Richards had died.

I wrote to his widow saying, "Mrs. Richards, you do not know me, but I was Jack's classmate and seat-mate at Swarthmore. His name was R-i-c and mine R-i-d, and that put me right next to him."

Then I went on to express my sympathy to her. She wrote back as follows:

My dear Mr. Ridgway: Indeed, I do know you. All during Jack's last illness he talked about nobody but "Bill" and what "Bill" had said and how "Bill" had talked with him on some occasion, and how "Bill" had shown him the way of life, and we found that the one who had been talking to him was "Bill Ridgway," and the memory of this time when you had been together not so very long before seemed to be his greatest comfort in his last days.

Professor Weaver was alone in the world and there was no one to whom I might write a word of sym-

pathy in his case, but I have always felt that perhaps he may have been moved by my little preachment that day at the Benjamin West home, as was Judge Richards.

Sometime after that, as I have told elsewhere, Dr. Appleton and I were present at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Dr. Leidy. Dr. Appleton came to me and said, "William, when thee was in college it was always a great mystery to us how thee would ever turn out."

I laughed and said, "Doctor, I expect the faculty all thought I would some day wind up in jail, or perhaps at the end of a rope."

"Well," he replied, "it was not quite as bad as that, but we certainly would never have picked thee out for a church and Sunday school man."

"Well, Doctor," I said, "never despair of a boy."

Then we went on to talk about this scene at the West home, and I noticed the Doctor was very much impressed and very serious in the matter.

We parted, and it was not so very long after that that I read in the obituary column of the Philadelphia papers that Dr. William Hyde Appleton had passed away.

Heaven seems to have its own way about doing things.

## IX

### FOUR GREAT GYPSIES

---

ONE of the most delightful of autobiographies is "Men and Rubber," being "The Story of Business," by Mr. Harvey S. Firestone. It is from this book that this chapter is largely made up.

Until the same kind of newspaper reporters and photographers, who drove the Lindberghs out of the country, made it unpleasant, it was the custom of Mr. Henry Ford, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Harvey S. Firestone to get together and, putting on old clothes and taking old cars, pull out for the open road under the wide-open spaces and go "gypsy" for some days.

I think it will be of interest to know what Mr. Firestone thought of the members of his party. Of John Burroughs he says:

"He was a fine man, really fine in every way, and one could not ask for a better companion. A man in the world but hardly of it. He was different from the rest of us in that he had nothing of the commercial instinct. It just so happened that the way of John Burroughs led him through paths that did not pro-

duce money. He did not need money to further his service."

Listen to this and then get hungry:

"At the Burroughs' place we had a big brigand steak that we cooked and ate outdoors in a driving snow. We cooked it in the best of all ways to cook a steak, and if you do not know the way, here is the recipe:

"Select a straight, green limb and sharpen the end, then cut the steak into slices and slip them over this wooden skewer with bits of bacon between the slices, and broil it over an open fire."

The "Burroughs' place" was a cabin in the woods where the great naturalist made his home and wrote his wonderful nature books.

An entirely different man, with an entirely different home and an entirely different output was Mr. Henry Ford. Writes Mr. Firestone:

"Mr. Ford always thinks in terms of the greatest good to the greatest number. Mr. Ford is a runner and a high kicker. He also is a persistent walker. His cheerfulness and adaptability on all occasions, and his optimism in regard to all the great questions, are remarkable. His good will and tolerance are as broad as the world.

"He is a lovable personality. He is as tender as a woman and much more tolerant. Those who meet Mr. Ford are almost invariably drawn to him. He is a national figure and crowds flock around the car in which he is riding whenever we stop among people."

As an illustration of Mr. Ford's mechanical ability, Mr. Firestone tells this incident. It will tie in with the story that ends this chapter:

"The next day one of the cars had an accident. The fan broke and the iron punctured the radiator. We made our way slowly to Connellsville, where there is a good garage, but the best workmen there shook their heads. They said a new radiator was the only remedy. All four arms of the fan were broken off, and there was no way to mend them. This verdict put Mr. Ford on his mettle.

"'Give me a chance,' he said. Pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves he fell to work. In two hours we were ready to go ahead. By the aid of drills and copper wire the master mechanic had stitched the several arms on their stubs, soldered up the hole in the radiator, and the disabled car was again in running order."

But mebbe you automobile fellows will like better the way the chauffeur tells the incident. After describing the accident and saying that the problem was too much for his correspondence school training, the chauffeur goes on:

"Then Henry Ford stepped up, business-like, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and went to it like a real mechanic who knows his job and is anxious to get to tinkering around the machinery. He took the darned thing apart, adjusted things here, readjusted things there, and in no time at all he had the car running slick as a whistle, and we were on our way.

"All of which proves that this man Ford certainly is on intimate terms with every little bolt and nut that goes to make up an automobile—and which proves also that a man must know his business from the ground up before he can have tens of thousands of people working for him."

In addition to these estimates of Mr. Ford by those close to him, I have friends who have told me of the deep religious nature of the great automobile maker. This information was confirmed to me when I read in an Associated Press dispatch from Dearborn that it was the habit of Mr. Ford, when at home, to be present at the opening religious services of the school in his town.

We come to one of the world's greatest thinkers in Mr. Thomas A. Edison. Mr. Edison has hung all over his factories at Orange, New Jersey, placards, in size about ten by eighteen inches, carrying a quotation from Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Edison photographed one of these signs and sent it to me, where it hangs upon my library bookcase. Here it is:

There is no expedient  
to which a man will  
not resort to avoid the  
real labor of thinking.

Mr. John Burroughs has described both Mr. Edison and Mr. Firestone, and the latter has printed Mr. Burroughs' estimate:

"Mr. Edison's first and leading thought has been,



what can I do to make life easier and more enjoyable to my fellow-men? He is a great chemist, a trenchant and original thinker on all the great questions of life—a practical scientist, plus a meditative philosopher of profound insight. We all delighted in his wise and witty sayings."

Let me say right here that, in spite of the claims of certain anti-religious professors to the contrary, Mr. Edison was a religious man. In my book, "In God We Trust, Cries the Little Red Cent," I have quoted what Mr. Edison said to Mr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*:

"I believe in the teachings of our Lord and Master. There is a great directing Head of people and things. A Supreme Being who looks after the destinies of the world. God will not let us advance much further materially until we catch up spiritually."

To return to Mr. Burroughs:

"Mr. Edison is a good camper-out and turns vagabond very easily. He can go with his hair uncombed and his clothes unbrushed as long as the best of us. He eats so little that I do not think he was tempted by the chicken roosts or turkey flocks along the way, nor by the cornfields and apple orchards, as some of us were (True gypsies, Uncle John!). But there can be no doubt about his love for the open air and for wild nature. He can rough it week in and week out, and be happy."

Speaking of the great tire manufacturer, Mr. Burroughs writes:



"Mr. Firestone belongs to an entirely different type—the clean, clear-headed, conscientious business type, always on the job, always ready for whatever comes, always at the service of those around him, a man devoted to his family and his friends, sound in his ideas and generous of the wealth that has come to him as a manufacturer who has faithfully and honestly served his fellow-countrymen."

Mr. Harvey S. Firestone is president of the Ohio Federation of Churches. Not only a fine Christian gentleman himself but a leader of other Christian gentlemen. I might add in passing that his son, Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., is a chip of the old block (perhaps I ought to say a tire out of the old plant) and is tied up with the Young Men's Christian Association and other Christian activities.

Of the great naturalist, Mr. John Burroughs, whose estimate of Mr. Edison and of Mr. Firestone has been quoted, Mr. Firestone writes that which is found on the first page of this chapter, and also:

"On March 29, 1921, John Burroughs died, and our next meeting was at his funeral. He was a fine man, yes, really fine in every way, and one could not ask for a better companion. He was in this world, but hardly of it. He was different from the rest of us in that he had nothing of the commercial instinct."

"The Sage of Slab Sides," as Mr. Burroughs was known, came from a family his biographer calls "Old-School Baptists," a sect often called "Hard-Shell Baptists." In his book, "The Summit of the Years,"

he writes, "The salvation of society depends upon the intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the inner spiritual life." Sounds like William Penn and the Quaker Meeting! Then he adds, "We must look to the great preachers and prophets, poets and mystics."

His books, "The Breath of Life," "Under the Apple Trees," "Birds and Poets," "Winter Sunshine," "The Summit of the Years," indicate that when it came to brains the "Sage of Slab Sides" was a good running mate to the "Wizard of Electricity" and the "Princes of Business"!

Then Mr. Firestone goes on to make the following significant statement:

"The Commercial Instinct has been overrated. The Service Instinct is more important. Neither Mr. Ford nor Mr. Edison is a trader. A mere trader does not get very far in these days. The man who looks first to Service does not have to be a trader—indeed, he cannot be a trader—and only those who look first to Service can now succeed.

"It just so happened that the way of John Burroughs led him through paths that did not produce money. He did not need money to further his Service. None of us (Ford, Edison, Firestone) cares about money, excepting as it helps us to carry out plans for larger and better Service. And so perhaps John Burroughs was not so different from us after all."

In religious matters I am what might be called a Sane-Fundamentalist. In this "steel town" of

Coatesville, for forty-eight years, on Sunday mornings I have taught a Sunday school class now numbering over 300 working men. In the afternoon, for forty-three years, I have superintended and taught a mission Sunday school in a suburb of the town. For thirty years I have been writing on the Sunday school lessons for the *Sunday School Times*, a world-wide paper.

From this it will be gathered that I am thoroughly convinced that the Old Book is all true. With the radio, television and other "miracles" of science there is no difficulty in accepting, without question, the Bible miracles.

When I come home from Philadelphia, forty miles away, in my Ford car, the radio it carries is in another position every infinitesimal fraction of a second, at forty miles an hour. Yet the baseball game, or the song, or the orchestra, or the speech is in every section of space into which we move.

The flier in his aeroplane that speeds over my head can find it. The miner down in the mine can find it. Anyone, anywhere in the whole wide world, finds it if he has the electrical ear. In a few years we will be able to see as well as hear, if we have the electrical eye which will be provided by our Edisons.

Like the presence of God, intelligence is in the universe everywhere. One day I asked one of the great radio experts who had mentioned the unlimited reach of radio communication, "If the Man in the Moon had a receiving set could he get what is on the air down here?"

"Yes," replied the American Tel-and-Tel expert.

All this is a leading-up to an Easter lesson I wrote in my Busy Men's Corner in the *Sunday School Times*. I was referring to the great miracle of the Resurrection:

The Maker and Master of man would naturally be expected to be able to do what He liked with the man of His making—even to start him going again if the main spring of his life was down.

(Or, as I might write after this chapter, if a "fan" should collapse and a "radiator" get punctured and no "garage expert" could repair it.)

If you are one of those who profess to believe the story of Genesis is a fake, and there was no such thing as a creation by a word, but that man just sort of evolved from protoplasma or something or other, you will likely sneer at the resurrection miracle.

Mr. Harvey S. Firestone gives us this incident of his gypsy vacation. They were in camp in a field by the side of the road. A "substantial-looking" man came down the road and approaching the camp said:

"I am in some trouble up the road about a mile. I am on my way to a most important engagement and my Ford car has refused to go. I wonder if you have anyone in your party who knows anything about a Ford car?"

"That old fellow over there," said Mr. Firestone, pointing to Mr. Ford, "knows something about a Ford car."

"Will you come and help me?" asked he, turning to Mr. Ford.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

Mr. Ford started up his old Model T, which he had brought on the trip, and went back to the stalled car. In a little while he had the dead car going.

"How much do I owe you?" asked the man, taking out his purse.

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Ford.

"Oh, but I want to pay you."

"I have no need of money for the service."

"It means a lot to me to be able to get on to my engagement. You have fixed my car so it runs nicer than it ever did and I would feel better if I could show my appreciation in a substantial manner."

"It is sufficient reward to me," said Mr. Ford, "to have been able to serve you."

"Well, I certainly do thank you, and do you mind if I say this: *If I knew as much about an automobile as you seem to do, I'd be doggoned if I would be riding around in a thing like that,*" pointing to Mr. Ford's old Model T.

In referring to the incident, writes Mr. Firestone, "The substantial-looking citizen had the highest paid mechanic in the world to put his bus on its feet again."

That "substantial-looking" citizen to this day probably does not know that the "mechanic" who had "no need of money" was the world's greatest industrialist, known everywhere.

Here is the great point of this whole chapter:

He who had designed and created the car could make it alive again easily when it had gone dead.

When in one of the bodies God has made in His own image the "fan" goes to pieces, the "radiator" is punctured, the "carburetor" goes bad, a "spring" breaks, a "tire" blows out, the "lamps" lose their light, why wonder when the Master Designer and the Master Maker steps in and with His miraculous touch says to one, "Take up thy bed and walk," and to another whose light has gone out, "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."

And note this: The great Henry Ford did not hesitate to step right down to the humble job of a garage mechanic to help an ordinary Ford car owner out of trouble. Getting down with a cheap car to where the common people live has been the secret of Mr. Ford's success.

Since this chapter was written Mr. Harvey S. Firestone and Mr. Thomas A. Edison have joined their friend Burroughs in their "Long Home."

At the funeral services of Mr. Firestone held in Akron the Reverend Dr. Walter F. Tunks, in summing up Mr. Firestone's life, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Firestone was a deeply religious man. Here was a fundamental source of his strength—his belief in God, his faith in his fellow-men. He never doubted that this is a moral universe in which spiritual values are supreme. Confident that in the long run right will

ultimately prevail, he faced difficulty unafraid, taking long views of life and continuing, as Emerson has said, 'to believe what the centuries say as against the years and the hours.' Here was the source of his courage and his unbounded faith in the future.

"No one felt more keenly than he the responsibility of wealth and power. With quiet understanding, he turned to religion for the guiding principles of his life. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Firestone gave loyal and loving service to the church of which he was a member, yet always one sensed that his devotion to religion transcended the boundaries of church affiliation and made him a friend to all people who believe in God and His goodness. Perhaps the easiest thing a wealthy man can give to a church is his money. Mr. Firestone gave so much more than that—the greater gift of himself, his time, his ability, his personal devotion.

"His passing came, as he would have wished it, with the tranquillity of 'one who wraps the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.' No better reward could any of us have desired for so fine a friend than that the end should have come so peacefully. Do you remember how John Bunyan describes the passing of one of the characters in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, when he says, 'So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.' For such a man as Harvey S. Firestone there must be great work yet to be done in the mystery and joy of the life beyond."



# X

## THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE EYE

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IN Chicago there was a chemist who was a brother of one of the well-known evangelists. This chemist had not been a Christian, but was converted by his evangelist brother. The chemist had been successful in his business and was presumed to be a man of considerable wealth. After becoming a Christian he became very much interested in the study of the Bible. He soon was in demand for religious addresses since he was a witty and forcible speaker.

The chemist, whom we will call "Ray," had a banker friend, whom we will call "Bob." One day Bob met Ray on the street and said, "Hello, Ray. How are you? I hear you have gone and got religion and have changed your way of life."

"Yes, Bob," replied Ray. "Do you know, I have been studying that Old Book I used to laugh at, and I have found that everything in it is absolutely true. You know we chemists cannot take things on someone else's say-so. We have got to be absolutely sure.



Consequently, I have applied the same tests to that Old Book that I have to apply in chemistry. I have found the Bible to be as pure as virgin gold."

"Well, Ray, there is one thing in that book I expect a fat pocketbook like you has a good deal of trouble with."

"What is that, Bob?"

"That statement that says it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Oh, no, Bob, that does not give me any trouble at all. If Thomas Edison is able to put a whole brass band on the point of a needle I don't think God Almighty would have any trouble sending one old camel through the eye of a needle!"

"There you go again, Ray, joking as usual. I thought you said you were applying the chemical tests to the Bible."

"Well, Bob, if I should apply chemistry to this story it would be a great deal easier. All we chemists would do would be to take that old camel and dissolve him in nitric acid and *squirt him through!*"

Ray, the Chicago chemist, came to Philadelphia and a group of laymen arranged some meetings for him. One of those who became interested in Ray's religio-chemical address was the manager of one of the finest mid-city theaters. This gentleman placed his theater at the disposal of Ray and his friends during the noon hour.

These meetings drew crowds, as the addresses were

always in the terms of the shop and street, and with a scientific flavor. The audience was encouraged to interrupt the speaker, and they certainly did. It was at one of these meetings I heard the preceding story, as someone in the audience raised the old "needle-eye" criticism, and drew the rejoinder that brought down the house. Day after day there was much more crossing of swords with the atheistic members of the audience.

Ray knew his Bible and he knew his science. The atheistic banker, while he knew his science pretty well and could talk chemistry with the speaker, was abysmally ignorant of the Bible, which Ray was preaching, and so he was "licked before he began," as one of the crowd said.

Ray was asked to come to the Eastern Penitentiary to speak to the convicts. He asked me to go with him as I had been doing some speaking there and in other jails.

The meeting was in charge of the "Trusty" who was a "Lifer," and of whom I told in a chapter of my book, "The Christian Gentleman." This convict gave Commissioner Boggs the story of the rooster who wanted a beautiful song like the other birds, but who had to be satisfied with his "cocky-doodle-doo." The Creator told the rooster he had a great work to do and that his crow would be the most famous bird song in history. It was used for the salvation of Peter, after his denial of his Lord.

The audience crowded the prison room. They were

of all sorts and of all ages, and in jail for all kinds of crime. They were after all still men, and grown-up children of the same Father as all of us; and with the bad each had a measure of the good.

Ray, the chemist, had brought with him a bunch of beautiful fabrics of all colors, mostly silk. He described how these lovely colors had been obtained from the tar barrels and garbage cans of the homes and living places of men. The alchemy of heaven, he said, could do the same for the human race which in one way or another found its way into the tar barrels and garbage cans of sin. He told them of Jerry McAuley of the Water Street Mission in New York, and of Harry Monroe of the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, and many another who, from lives of sin and crime, had become as beautiful in their lives as the pieces of silk he held in his hand.

I sat on the platform looking into the eyes of those convicts as they drank in the words of the chemist evangelist. They could understand what he was talking about, and in the world's Saviour, who was held up before them, they could see the pardon for their mistakes of the past, and a bright ray of hope for the future.

When I see a garbage can I say to myself, "Ray, the chemist, could get a beautiful aniline red out of that!" When in the automobile we pass the garbage truck and get a whiff of its noxious odor, I say, "Ray, the chemist, could get a rainbow out of that!"

This same transformation goes for the human



throw-aways that we deposit in the "can" and trundle away. Jesus, the Heavenly Chemist, can get all kinds of beauty, and is getting it day by day, from the waste of the human race. The Salvation Army can tell you all about it.

## XI

### MISSIONARIES IN FEATHERS

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Do you know the one and only Sam Higginbottom? You don't? Well then you do not know the history of missions in India.

Sam Higginbottom has been for years a missionary to the lepers of India. The last time I saw Sam we were attending a banquet at the Astor Hotel in New York City, given to some departing missionaries. I was a guest at the dinner and sat at the head table next to Sam.

After the dinner there followed the usual flow of ministerial eloquence, and after this had kept up for about two hours, most of which was technical and not interesting to many of us, and the audience was about half asleep, it drew near Sam's turn to speak.

He turned to me and said, "Uncle Billy, do you think it would be anything out of the way if I tried to throw in a little humorous stuff?"

I said, "Sam, if you don't, you are sunk. Just take a look at your audience; most of them are asleep."

When Sam got up, after the usual commonplaces and a few wisecracks and humorous references to get

started, which I have forgotten, he said, in all seriousness, "One of our great problems in India was the matter of rain. We have no rain over there in the growing season, and as you know you cannot have crops without water. We overcame this difficulty by planting, alternately, a row of onions and a row of potatoes. The onions got into the eyes of the potatoes and made them water, and that irrigated the potatoes and we raised splendid crops!"

Then said he, "In India the people are poor and cannot afford telephones, so we overcame that difficulty by taking carrier pigeons and crossing them with poll-parrots!"

With stories like these, and a lot more I cannot remember, Sam had the company wide-awake and holding on to their chairs in immoderate laughter. Then he went on to make one of his wonderful addresses.

That is Sam Higginbottom for you, and he is the beginning of a story I am about to tell.

While Sam was in this country on furlough there graduated with high honors, from one of the Canadian Agricultural Colleges, a young man by the name of Arthur E. Slater. On his graduation he was offered a splendid position to take care of a large estate.

Sam heard of him and went to him and said, "I believe if I can put my lepers into the farming business I can greatly improve their condition, but it is impossible for us to pay the salary you can command here in this country. However, if you want a real

career and to do something for the Master worth while, with me in India is the place."

Slater decided to go to India at the smaller salary. This salary was taken care of by a gentleman here in Coatesville, who at that time was a member of my Iron Rose Bible Class.

After Slater had been in India for a few years he was put in another district, the headquarters of which is Etah, United Provinces. He wrote to me one day saying, "Mr. Ridgway, I think if I could put the outcasts, among whom I am working, in the chicken business it would greatly improve their condition. The native chickens are small and scrawny, and the eggs are not much larger than bantam eggs. There is a good market in India for fine poultry and fine eggs among the English residents and others of the higher castes.

"I am writing to know if your Iron Rose Bible Class would like to send me some chickens. If so, I think the Rhode Island red would be the best variety for the conditions to be met with here in this country."

The matter was put before the Iron Rose Bible Class and they unanimously decided they would send the chickens.

We hunted around until we found one of the best breeders of this variety of chickens, Mr. Annesley Anderson of Morton, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia. When Mr. Anderson found out for what purpose the chickens were intended he became especially interested and we got a splendid lot of chickens.

When it came time to ship the chickens it seemed as though they should have some special label, so after some consideration I directed my chief draughtsman, who happened to be Chairman of the Chicken Committee, to prepare two large placards, to be put on each end of the box, containing the chickens, and on these put the words:

MISSIONARIES IN FEATHERS  
FROM THE  
IRON ROSE BIBLE CLASS  
COATESVILLE, PENNA.

This is the origin of this term which has become universal in missionary circles the world around when the subject of poultry is mentioned.

In order to indicate how these placards set the chickens apart from the usual run of chickens I might say that it is necessary to get chickens to the ship about a day before the time for sailing. I went to Philadelphia and called at the office of the express company and inquired of the manager, "Can you tell me whether any red chickens went through your office here today from out in Delaware County?"

"My dear sir, red chickens, white chickens, dapple chickens, and all kinds of chickens go through this office in a steady stream, and I would not know anything about a particular lot."

"Well," I replied, "these chickens would have a big sign on them, *Missionaries in Feathers*."



"Oh, those chickens went through here at nine o'clock this morning."

The chickens arrived in New York, got on board the ship and sailed for India under the care of the American Express Company and Thomas Cook & Sons.

They arrived at Etah, eight hundred miles up into the interior, in the very finest condition. Mr. Slater wrote, "The chickens came in with the roosters crowing and the hens all busy laying eggs."

The chickens had kept the captain's table supplied with fresh eggs every morning.

These chickens were given out among the outcast Hindus to start them in the business. These Hindus, however, did not know how to take care of high-grade chickens, with the result that they all came to grief.

Mr. Slater told us that the last one of the chickens in the hands of a Hindu was carried off by a hawk, and that the last he had heard the Hindu was trying to get the local judge to give judgment against the man who owned the land on which was the tree in which the hawk had its nest. The judge replied that just as soon as the culprit was brought into court he would try the case!

When the news of the failure came back to Coatesville the matter was put up to the Iron Rose Bible Class again, with the result that we gathered up an even finer lot of chickens. We again labelled them *Missionaries in Feathers*, and sent them to India.

This time the Hindus had learned by their mistakes and the enterprise flourished.

These outcasts formerly made six cents a day. They would get almost as much for one Rhode Island red egg, for setting purposes, as they formerly received for a whole week's work.

The business prospered so that it was necessary to have some way to go around through the district and gather up the eggs, and the same gentleman who took care of Mr. Slater's salary, Mr. Charles L. Huston, also saw to it that he had a Ford car with a trailer. The Ford car is supported by the Iron Rose Bible Class in the matter of gasoline, repairs and tires.

When the news came that Mr. Slater was coming home on furlough the grateful Christian outcasts wanted to send something to the Iron Rose Bible Class to show their gratitude and appreciation. They could not think of anything to send that they might be able to purchase.

They said, "Mr. Ridgway no doubt has lots of brasswork and lots of needlework, and we would like to send him something different."

They solved the problem in a unique way.

In order that the state of mind of the Hindus might be appreciated in this which I am about to relate, I would use as an example a man who had been a victim of strong drink. Having been tempted and lured on by the saloonkeeper he became so caught in the toils of the habit that he saw himself and his family degraded. Then he had been saved and saw from what depths he had come. He also saw what had dragged him down, and you would hardly be surprised, nor

would you much blame him if, grabbing an axe, he went to that saloon and smashed in the head of the whisky barrels. Of course he would be violating the law, just as the rum seller was violating the law when he sold to a man with known intemperate habits. However, two wrongs do not make a right, but you would hardly judge such a case as you might many another high-handed case.

These outcasts, after they became Christians, like the victim of drink, were able to see what had drawn them down to such unspeakable depths. They found themselves so low in the social scale that even their shadow would not be permitted to fall upon the shadow of a man of a higher caste. They were lower than the domestic animals; in fact, the condition of the Hindu "Untouchables" is one of the blackest reproaches on the face of the earth today.

When these redeemed outcasts saw what idolatry had done to them their attitude toward anything relating to this idolatry can be well understood, so they formed the following plan:

Somewhere in a village there was an idol that had been worshipped for many years, but at that time it was not held in as much respect as it had been. These outcasts formed a relay from the home of Mr. Slater to the place where this idol was set up. They took the idol at night and relayed it to Etah.

Mr. Slater said one of the outcasts came carrying it to him saying, "Here is a present for Mr. Ridgway. An old man down the street gave it to me."

When Mr. Slater handed over the idol and I thanked him for it, I said, "We will hang it up here in the church."

Mr. Slater immediately replied, "Don't you think of doing that. If you had that idol hung up in your church and a Hindu should happen to come in and see it, you could no more explain the presence of that idol in a Christian church to him than you could explain away a bar set up in a Christian church."

Consequently I keep the idol in my home.

After Mr. Slater had made his address and told us about the idol, Mr. Huston, who has been mentioned, came to me and said, "What do you think of the ethics of this idol business?"

"Charlie," I replied, "I was just thinking about that myself, but you know we cannot judge those people by the same standards we have here."

I think it is very much like this: Rev. Hector McLean, up at Brandywine Manor, told me he had a sermon in which he showed that a colored man could steal and still be a Christian. I said, "Pastor McLean, whenever you preach that sermon I wish you would let me know. I would like to see how you can show how a man who deliberately breaks one of the Ten Commandments can still remain a Christian in good standing. Give me the bones of your sermon."

He held up his thumb and two fingers. "Now, Ridgway," said he, "we will suppose that thumb is the slave owner. That first finger is his black slave, and that second finger is a ham. Now when that black

man goes over to the smokehouse and takes that ham, the slave owner still has the slave and the ham, doesn't he? That is to say, because that slave belongs to the man, as well as does the ham, he cannot possibly steal anything from the man who owns him."

I said, "Pastor McLean, you have missed your calling! You ought to have been a Philadelphia lawyer!"

The chicken business has grown and grown. In order to keep up the strain we recently sent over another shipment of Rhode Island reds. These were the finest Rhode Island reds that had ever been bred anywhere in the world. The box for the journey was made of clear white pine, just like a piece of cabinet-work. The cups for the water were all porcelain lined, and fastened to the box with nickel-plated chains.

We had great trouble to get a steamship company to handle this shipment. The shipping of poultry to India had been very unsatisfactory. Mr. McDermott, of the American Express Company, who looks after this sort of business, said when I was visiting him in New York and conferring with him in the matter, "Mr. Ridgway, how many of these chickens you ship get there alive?"

I replied, "All of them. We have never lost a chicken."

"That is strange," said he. "We sent a shipment not long ago of one hundred chickens over there and only eight of them got there alive."

I said, "That is not hard to understand. The

chickens we send are entirely different. You will remember they were labelled *Missionaries in Feathers*. Those chickens are carrying on God's work in India, and the God of the Seas and the God of the Land sees to it that these chickens get there in the very best time and in the very best condition, and the history of our shipments has been the same, the roosters arrive crowing and the hens busy laying eggs."

Perhaps it might be interesting for the reader to know how we make this shipment.

Because we have a wood-working department in our factory we have always had our boxes made in a superior manner, not merely thrown together as an ordinary packing box, but accurately and nicely made. With this box we send enough food of the proper kind to take care of the chickens all the way to India. The Washburn, Crosby Company of Minneapolis, when they heard of our enterprise, requested permission to furnish all this food we might need, and they did it without any cost whatever.

We give the captain a modest gratuity to pay him for looking after the chickens. He no doubt turns that over to one of the stewards, who makes the care of the chickens his special business, seeing that they are properly watered and properly fed, and so placed on the ship as to get all the benefit of fresh air. The important reward the captain gets in the long voyage is the daily presentation of the finest eggs, fresh every morning, and no doubt the captain shares them with the most favorite of his passengers. Besides, the big

sign, *Missionaries in Feathers*, differentiates the shipment from all other shipments on board that ship. The box being beautifully constructed and very presentable in appearance, and the chickens being the very highest grade of their kind, no doubt the shipment receives a great deal of helpful attention.

As I have said, the steamship companies objected to taking the shipment, and the American Express Company refused it. However, when the officers of the express company were shown what these shipments of chickens had done for the outcasts of India, and how our excellent chicken shows over there had been visited by the Prince of Wales, and the work of Mr. Slater among these outcasts was known in court circles in London, the express company got busy and took the matter up with the son of ex-President Roosevelt, who operates the Roosevelt Line of steamships. Consequently, this last shipment of Rhode Island reds was sent over on the *Homestead*. This is the ship that carried Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt on their trip to the Himalaya Mountains to hunt the *Ovis Poli*. This shipment went to Karachi and made the successful trip to Etah, and arrived in the same fine condition as all the other shipments.

Since the old Ford car had about worn out, the same gentleman presented Mr. Slater with one of the latest models, and the work is still going on.

The outcasts have become so prosperous in the chicken business and their condition is so wonderfully improved that they have risen greatly in the



respect of the other members of the community, and are now quite some people.

The last shipment of Rhode Island reds, as I have said, were probably the finest birds of that sort that have ever left this country. In this shipment there was a cockerel, which was given the name of "Red Wing." He was entered in the great chicken show of all India, where the Indian Princes and other men of great wealth and chicken fanciers exhibit their best chickens, and that "Missionary in Feathers," whose name was Red Wing, took the prize for being the best bird in the show, which meant "The best bird in all India." Red Wing received the silver cup bearing the coat of arms of Lord Irwin, who at that time was Viceroy of India.

This whole story simply indicates what is possible in the hands of God. Here is a little company of men in a steel town of some 14,000 or 15,000 population, hid among the hills of Pennsylvania, and yet with the help of Heaven they have been able to change, very materially, the social condition of some 80,000 of the "Untouchables" of India. Those unfortunate people Miss Mayo tells us about in "Mother India" and also in "Volume Two."



## XII

### ALL CLEANED OUT AND NO- WHERE TO GO

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THIS is the story of a high-grade man who reached the very top in politics and business and then, when the storm of failing health and depleted fortune struck him, found he had no earthly place in which to take refuge.

A supreme moment is apt to come in every man's life. When the tempest breaks, if the man has no Rock of Ages in which to hide, some Great Hand upon which to hold, he is likely to crack under the pressure of the storm. And the world is shocked to read of the suicide of "the man who had everything."

The college where I took my degree of Civil Engineer is the Quaker college of Swarthmore, known sometimes, since its President has charge of the Rhodes Scholarships, as "America's Little Oxford."

The lines were strictly drawn at Swarthmore in the early days, and I happened to be one of the "early birds." I am now the oldest living male graduate.

Now comes a confession made necessary by that

which is to follow. Indeed, this confession makes this story a helpful and valuable one to every boy and many a father.

At Swarthmore my room was on the fourth and top-most floor. We were all supposed to be snug and cozy in our little beds when the bell tapped "Lights Out." But I was the champion lightning rod climber and I knew all the apple orchards and chestnut trees for miles around, and moonlight nights always invite for high adventure when you are sixteen! And who thinks of broken bones, in his teens? The lightning rod was near our room window.

So during the four years I was in college the case of myself and kindred spirits was usually the "unfinished business" of the faculty. However, I was good on the "cram," stood well toward the head of my class, and the faculty put up with me, and to the surprise of all, including myself, I graduated with honors.

I entered my father's shops and made some inventions, and was taken into partnership.

The years rolled on, as years have the delightful way of doing, bringing with them wisdom and happiness and prosperity, depending upon how you decide to use the years; or foolishness and trouble and failure, if you should decide upon this way. "Ya pays yer money an' ya takes yer choice!" I did not pay any money, but my Guardian Angel saw to it that I chose "wisdom and prosperity and happiness."

One day in 1929 at the American Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia we were celebrating

the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Joseph Leidy, one of America's greatest biologists and the Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania. He was my teacher of Natural History at Swarthmore. That is why I know something about beetles and ants and minerals. I used to tramp Crum Creek hills with dear, old delightful Dr. Leidy, so I was there celebrating his birthday.

Dr. William Hyde Appleton, long-time professor at Swarthmore, and for a time its president, was also there. We were having a good time together going over old college days—and the lightning rod route, and the apple orchards, and the putting of Superintendent Dearborn's wagon in the collection room, the hanging of the skeletons in the halls, the midnight trips to Chester, and all the many other "mysterious" happenings with which I was suspected of having something to do. Then Dr. Appleton gave me one of his queer looks and said:

"William, does thee know that when thee was in college it was always a great wonder to the faculty how thee would turn out in after life?"

"Dr. Appleton, I expect thee and the rest of the faculty were pretty well convinced that I would likely end my days in jail—and perhaps on the end of a hemp rope."

"No, William, it was not quite as bad as that, but thee is the very last man any of us would ever have picked out to become such a pronounced church and Sunday school man, known all over the world."

"Well, Doctor, what is the moral?"

"William, thee give it."

*"Never make the mistake of despairing of a lively boy!"*

The late Honorable William C. Sproul, of Chester, Pennsylvania, was for twenty years in the Senate of the State of Pennsylvania. He is known as the "Father of Good Roads." He was afterward Governor of Pennsylvania. He was president of a steel company, of a rolling mill company, of a coal company, of one of the great refractory companies. He was also president of the world's greatest club, the Union League of Philadelphia, with its 2,900 members and 4,300 on the waiting list anxious to get in. The Governor was serving his second term as president of the League at the time of this story.

The Governor was an alumnus of Swarthmore and one of my oldest friends.

He was probably one of the best-known men of the State of Pennsylvania. As will be noted, he was not only interested in matters of state but was also a business man of large and far-spreading interests. In addition he was the most popular and beloved man with all who were honored with his acquaintance. In politics no one could ever hope to defeat him for any office he desired.

Every time we would get together I would, if opportunity offered, touch him up a little bit on things religious. Do it in a casual sort of way, such as:

"Say, Billy, you would make a hummer as a Bible class teacher. You've got personality and charm—what in a girl they call 'It.' You have success and high place and the young men would swarm to you."

He'd just laugh and say, "Bill, politics and Bible classes wouldn't mix 'worth a cent.'"

But I kept at the "touching up" for over twenty years.

Not so very long before this story he met my brother Ellis, and in the course of a talk said:

"Ellis, we used to think Old Bill was a crank on religion, but do you know I am finding out Old Bill is everlastingly right."

One day Governor Sproul stopped me at Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, the busiest corner in the city of Philadelphia, with the great Pennsylvania Railroad Station only a square up Fifteenth Street and the Wanamaker Store only a square and a half down Chestnut Street.

"Bill, are you in a hurry?"

"I am never in a hurry with you, Billy," I said.

"Come over here on the curb out of the traffic. I want to ask you something."

"Shoot, old man."

"Bill, you know what kind of a fellow you were in college. You and your gang were almost the despair of old Prexy Magill. I want to ask you what made the wonderful change in your life."

"I am only too glad to tell you, Billy. After I got out of the sheltered life in home, school, and col-

lege, in which I had always lived, and got up against the real problems of life, and faced the job of making a living and carving out a career, I made the happy discovery that the Old Book on the desk in the Collection Hall (Quaker for *chapel*), which the president used to read to us every morning, was true, in spite of the fun we used to make about it."

"Yes," said the Governor, "I well remember the morning you and your gang upset the meeting. Dr. Magill thought it might add interest to the collection (the service) of the students if they would memorize and recite verses of Scripture. He also suggested it could be done by classes or groups in concert. Then you and your crowd all stood and shouted the two words of the shortest verse in the Bible."

"Alas, it is too true, Billy. We were a bunch of heathens. All of us are well ashamed of it now. But I want to tell you, old fellow, when you begin to read that wonderful Old Book, and are convinced that every word of it is true, there is only one thing to do, and I did it. That is, to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour.

"My whole life was changed. I hated the things that formerly attracted me, and I found pleasure in the things I formerly disliked. Then I prayed, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, and I am for Thy good pleasure.'

"And then the Lord began to use me, and in that service has filled my life with joy and happiness and moved me out into the larger place. Hunting big

game and fishing for big, deep-sea fellows. That is why I have never let up on you, old man, all these years. You are the Big One I'd like to land in the Kingdom."

As we stood there on the busy street, with dozens of men passing and saluting, "How are you, Governor," I explained to him the plan of salvation and the way of life.

We parted, and I never saw my dear old friend again until I looked into his cold face as his body reclined among the mass of flowers in his lovely home of Lapidea Manor at Chester.

Right after our talk he went home and was put into his bed, from which he never arose.

When I heard he was sick I wrote him a long letter confirming our talk on the curb in Philadelphia. I headed my letter Deuteronomy 31: 6 instead of the date. I told him he could read the letter while he was getting well.

But the Governor did not get well. He went to his "Long Home," and "the mourners went about the streets" and a great city and a great state wept for one of its most beloved citizens.

Be strong and of good courage,  
Fear not, nor be afraid of them:  
For the Lord thy God,  
He it is that doth go with thee;  
He will not fail thee,  
Nor forsake thee.

DEUTERONOMY 31: 6.



# XIII

## THE LIGHTNING BUG

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SOME years ago the Smiley brothers of Providence, Rhode Island, had a beautiful hotel among the mountains of New York, known as the Lake Mohonk House. The Smileys, with their sister, were members of the Society of Friends and fine Christian people, spending their substance in fostering and helping all good enterprises.

Before the house opened in the spring they would invite distinguished people from all over the East to fill the house as their guests for a week and to consider the matter of Peace.

In the fall, after the close of the season, they gathered together another group to consider the welfare of the American Indian.

The people who came to the Peace Conferences, to which the writer had the honor of an invitation, were distinguished lawyers, doctors, ministers, military officers and business men.

After breakfast a large company of guests gathered in the great room that overlooked the lake. Here a religious service was held, conducted by the propri-



etors' sister, Miss Smiley. Then would follow an all-morning discussion of the subject of Peace, with strong emphasis on the Prince of Peace and His gospel.

One morning the late General King of Brooklyn gave an address on "The Necessity of a Large and Powerful Army to Protect the United States from Foreign Aggression and to Police Any Internal Disturbance." He put forth the usual arguments for a capable army and a powerful navy. It was an able and convincing address.

He was followed by a slight woman from Boston, by the name of Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, and what she did to General King and his arguments was a beautiful example of the effect of high-grade eloquence and devastating argument.

The rest of us "small fry" sat back in our comfortable chairs and greatly enjoyed the Brooklyn and Bostonese fireworks.

The man who sat next to me whispered, "The little woman has skinned the General alive and has his scalp hanging at her belt!"

When it came time for the General to reply, he arose and he said, "All I have to say after this torrent of eloquence is to quote a little piece of poetry." Then he quoted this:

The lightning bug is brilliant  
But it hasn't any mind.  
It stumbles through existence  
With its headlight on behind.

Then the General sat down, and the man next to me whispered, "The old boy has scored a hit."

Then the audience adjourned with laughter to spend the afternoon in riding around over the mountains with the Smiley brothers' splendid horses and carriages.

Everyone at that meeting has probably forgotten what General King and Mrs. Mead said, but none has forgotten General King's "Lightning Bug" reply.

I heard Dr. Rufus Jones of Haverford College make an address some ten years later, and in the course of his address, in order to show how people failed to understand and grasp the important things of this life, he quoted the "Lightning Bug" jingle.

When I came home from Lake Mohonk and was telling my brother about the meetings and laughing over the war-and-peace debate I quoted the verse, and he said, "Bill, there should be another verse to that clever whim-wham."

"Is that so? Well, let me have it."

"All right, you go ahead and give your verse and then I will give you mine."

So I quoted:

The lightning bug is brilliant  
But it hasn't any mind.  
It stumbles through existence  
With its headlight on behind.

Then my brother said:

But the measuring worm is different.  
When he starts out for pelf  
He reaches to the limit  
And then he humps himself.

Simple, and perhaps what some would call foolish and trifling, utterances such as these are linger in the memories of people.

Edward Everett's polished oration at Gettysburg is as forgotten as the King-Mead debate at Lake Mohonk, but every day Abraham Lincoln's words are being repeated in schools and colleges, and even in the movies, just as the "Lightning Bug" and "Measuring Worm" poetry clings to the memories of men.

Yes, as startling as it may be, what the writer is trying to say is this: If you want your words to last and obtain results you will keep them down on the doggerel poetry level.

## XIV

### REACHING THE MASSES

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EVERY now and then one or another of the popular magazines conducts a symposium on "Why Folks Do Not Go to Church." Many essays by many pens, with many reasons, are sent in.

As a matter of fact, church attendance on the whole is better today than ever in this country. There are more churches and church members than ever. To wit: 244,565 churches and 62,035,685 members, according to the latest census.

However, this writer is convinced that many more people would be in church attendance if the church would get down closer to where the masses of common people live. And this is what this chapter is all about.

When we went to school we were told that one of the greatest orations ever delivered in America was Daniel Webster's "Plea for Dartmouth College." We were required in our history or English course to carefully read this "masterpiece of oratory."

We had read that when Webster delivered his oration Chief Justice Marshall and all the lawyers who

crowded the courtroom stood or sat there with tears rolling down their cheeks, overwhelmed with emotion.

As we schoolboys read the oration we could not see anything touching in it. As one fellow said, "It is just cold turkey to me!" So we simply considered we were just dumb, as the teachers frequently told us we were when we could not answer correctly. So we let it go at that.

In Allan Benson's "Life of Webster" he tells us that when Webster made his plea for the college he took time and pains in describing the background of his picture. He told of the sacrifices of the old minister and his family in order that there might be a school for the boys.

Webster pictured, as only he could, how they suffered in the freezing cold of the cruel New England winters, with scant clothes, scant fire, scant food and scant everything, that every possible penny might go to the college. He described the hard times of all the New England people, their self-sacrifices and their blasted hopes. He pictured their home life, with its simple drabness, rude furnishings and no conveniences. It was, as he told of all this in tender eloquence, that the hearts of his listeners melted and their feelings overflowed in tears.

When Webster's speech came to be printed he cut out all this homely and moving stuff. He called it "nonsense" and said it had nothing to do with the serious business of his plea. The same thing happened with Webster's other great speeches, with the

result they are so dull, dry, dead and uninteresting in their present form that only students read them.

It is hoped that all those whose business it is to preach and teach will have gotten the idea!

Sometime ago the editor of one of the religious publications asked me if I would write him an article on the subject "Does God Help His People Today?" I told the editor I would answer his question by telling him a true story.

I began the story by telling how I came to write it, putting in a background of interest. The story was written in the language of the street and market place. All the way through were homely, familiar touches that most people like in things they read. There were quotations that applied to the matter in hand.

When the article came to be printed all this was cut out. The story was left as dry as Webster's "Plea." It was so uninteresting but few people read it. The Doctor of Divinity who "edited" my manuscript made changes, that in his opinion gave it dignity and polish and doctor-of-divinity! Instead of the story's being told in the bright and sparkling speech of the daily life of home, street and market place, like a freshly opened bottle of root beer, it was flat and dead, like the same bottle of root beer the day after.

Our Theological Seminaries and Bible Schools apparently teach their students the "high brow" manner of preaching, with a strong scholastic bias. The

result is that when the young theologues get into the pulpit their sermons are apt to be commonplace, trite, dignified, dry, and so heavy and ornate that many in the congregation doze through them—and stay away from the evening service.

I have often thought of what Billy Sunday told the students at Princeton Theological Seminary as I have listened to preachers who did not seem to be saying anything or getting anywhere.

Said Billy, "When you young preachers get out to practice your profession, know what you are going to preach and put it so your audience can understand it. Lots of preaching I have heard is just as sensible as this:

"If it takes two and one-half yards of taffeta silk to make a four-in-hand necktie for a cross-eyed codfish, how long will it take a left-handed lobster to thread a pearl in a clam's ear? The answer is this: If the elephant gets tired he can't sit down on his trunk!'"

The newspapers tell of how all traffic was held up at the busiest corner in the world, 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. Everybody on foot or wheels stopped to watch a mother cat carry her kitten in her mouth safely across the street. Woe betide anyone who might have dared to interfere with this mother's proceeding!

If our ministers from time to time in their discourses would just pause to let some mother cat carry her

baby across the street, the procession of business matters in the brains of the men and the parade of domestic and social affairs in the heads of the women would be held up and the fine sermon could "get across" !

Dr. Joseph W. Cochran is one of America's leading preachers. Until recently he was minister of the American Church in Paris. This church is said to be one of the most beautiful Protestant churches in the world. Dr. Cochran raised the money, in large part, for its building from his friends here in America.

Dr. Cochran was formerly a minister in Philadelphia and later in Detroit. At one time the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church engaged him to go over the country speaking in the churches, presenting the matter of the call to the ministry to young men of the congregation.

Dr. Cochran came to Coatesville. During his address he brought out, not exactly the cat and her kitten, but something that had no more to do with the flow of his eloquence than the cat and kitten had to do with the flow of the Hudson. Said Dr. Cochran:

"In my travels up and down the land in addressing churches and urging promising young men to enter the ministry, I have been living in hotels—good, bad and indifferent. At one hotel where the dining room seemed to be operated with a can opener, the waitress said, when I sat down to dinner:

" 'Mister, what kind of soup will you have?'

" 'What kind have you?'



“ ‘Consommé, tomato, split pea, vegetable, mock turtle, chicken, black bean, mulligatawny—oh, yes, and oxtail.’

“ ‘Say, sister,’ I said, ‘isn’t that going a good ways back for soup?’ ”

Then Dr. Cochran went ahead with his interrupted address—and all of the sleepy congregation were awake!

One of the greatest and most popular preachers of this generation, both in his native England and here as minister of the fashionable Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, was the late Dr. Jowett.

Mr. Philip E. Howard, the publisher of the *Sunday School Times*, when he met Dr. Jowett in England, asked:

“Dr. Jowett, how did you get on to the simple and effective way of presenting gospel truth, which is your great accomplishment in attracting large audiences?”

“Mr. Howard, I sat down and made a careful two-years’ study of your great poets, such as Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier and others. I noted their simple and lovely metaphors,” replied Dr. Jowett.

I thought I would like to see some of the metaphors which might have had a part in moulding Dr. Jowett’s simple and pleasing style. Here are a few from Longfellow:

The cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away.

*Draw Up a Chair*

The day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of night  
*Like a feather wafted downward*  
 From an eagle in its flight.

\* \* \* \*

The hooded clouds like friars  
 Told their beads in drops of rain.

It will be noted the words are mostly simple and of one syllable, and words that any child can understand.

In contrast this is how Browning, one of England's great poets, writes. I have taken my sample from where he is writing about preaching in his "Christmas Eve" (1850):

The pig-o'-lead-like pressure  
 Of the preaching man's immense stupidity!

\* \* \* \*

First, the speaker speaks through his nose  
 Second, his gesture is too emphatic  
 Thirdly, to waive what's pedagogic  
 The subject matter itself lacks logic  
 Fourthly, the English is ungrammatic.

Is there any college which is preparing American men for American congregations which has a course in American metaphors?

Our metaphors are a striking part of this language in which the people think, and with which they speak, and which day by day go parading through the newspapers. Our newspapermen write for the masses, and in word and phrase and rhythm the wage earner can absorb.

Dr. Jowett packed his churches because with nicely modulated voice he got his messages down where his hearers could easily understand him.

In Brooklyn, New York, the late Dr. James M. Farrar of the Park Slope Church was famous for his children's sermons. I have told in another place how the children's sermon was remembered by one of New York's greatest Judges when the fine, carefully prepared intellectual sermon was entirely forgotten. Dr. Farrar had a revelation, and instead of sermon subjects like "The Christian Answer to Doubt," "God's Thoughts and Ours," "His Own," and "Life's Afterglow," his discourses were suggested by texts which he called "the orphans" since "nobody took them." I heard him preach on "Take It by the Tail" (Ex. 4: 4), and "Two Legs or a Piece of an Ear" (Amos 3: 12).

Both of these sermons were delivered at evangelistic meetings to large congregations. After Dr. Farrar changed the style of his preaching from the language of Princeton to the language of Brooklyn, they had to carry in chairs for the mid-week prayer meeting, and one had to go early for a seat at the church services.

To get down to the proverbial "brass tacks," here is an experience that will illuminate and drive home what has been written in this chapter.

Some years ago I was attending, over the week-end, a convention in the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. When Sunday school time came I went around to the

nearest church. When I went in the superintendent came hastening up and said:

"Ridgway, you are just the man I'm looking for. I need a teacher and I need one badly. The 'tough class' in this school, strange as it may sound, is one of girls from the best families in Johnstown. The minister's daughter is one of them. They are from sixteen to twenty years old. Their teacher, who is a woman, has had them since the primary. They are devoted to her. When she can't be here these girls act so mean and ugly to a substitute teacher that no one will put up with them. Their teacher will not be here today. Maybe they will be good to an old fellow like you, and I would greatly appreciate it if you will help me out."

"All right, old man, I know how to handle colts. Lead me to them."

When I got to the class I found ten of as bright and attractive young girls as anyone would want to see. They were all Gertie Giggles. I was introduced as their "Uncle Billy from another steel town."

I sat down among them and put on my best nonchalant air. I could see, during the opening exercises, they resented my presence. When it came time to get on with the lesson I told one of the girls to fix up the record card. I just sat there looking as dumb as I possibly could, while they sized up what they had drawn as a teacher.

They waited and I let them wait. Then they began to fidget a little and giggle a little in spots. By

that time I knew they were fully ripe for something to happen. So I said in a quiet matter-of-fact way:

"I am wondering if all you fine girls have a Sweetie!"

There was a sensation, much nudging and general giggling.

"If there is a girl in this bunch who does not like the boys I am very glad she is not my daughter. There would be something quite wrong with her. Every girl ought to be interested in nice, manly boys. You have a pretty poor lot of boys in Johnstown if they are not interested in such a lovely group of girls as this class."

The lesson that day had in it, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

"Now, girls, never let anyone tell you it is not all right for a girl to have a 'fella' and have a good time with him, and when the time comes, marry him, but the important thing is to get the right kind of 'fella.' I want to show you today, if you will help me, the kind of a young man you should encourage.

"But first I want to know in one word the kind of a 'fella' you would like to be married to."

I took out a card and pencil and we started. Here is the list, as I remember it:

|              |           |              |
|--------------|-----------|--------------|
| Rich         | Loving    | Good-natured |
| Masterful    | Honest    | Smart        |
| Brave        | Ambitious | Tolerant     |
| Good-looking | Generous  | Appreciative |

One girl threw the bunch into great merriment by saying, "I want a man who will wipe his feet."

I summed up these dozen qualifications and tried to show the girls they were likely to get a young man who would more nearly fill the specification if they picked a genuine Christian who was manly. I told the "wipe-his-feet" girl that the Christian man was likely to be thoughtful of her rugs and waxed floors and would use the door mats vigorously and take off his rubbers outside.

When the Sunday school was over the superintendent came to me and said:

"Ridgway, what in the world did you do to those girls, hypnotize them? You stopped the whole school."

"How was that?"

"Well, as the school looked over where you were, expecting to find you getting the usual raw deal of the strange teacher, we were amazed to see instead those girls with their heads all around your bald knob, which looked like an ostrich egg in a big nest of red, brown, black and golden curls. You had something in your hand in which they seemed deeply interested. Their regular teacher never gets attention like that."

"Mr. Superintendent, a girl of sixteen to twenty, if she is normal, is thinking about the boys. I have one of my own at home. I merely took occasion to get down to where 'Sweet Sixteen' was living!"

Then I gave him the card on which was written the qualifications they most desired in a young man who might some day be a husband.

It is the belief of the present writer that if the schools that train men for the ministry and pastorate would take more pains to turn the graduates out as humans rather than mere theologues, church attendance would be greatly stimulated. There is wonderful power in the word of God, but it must be properly applied.

It is not necessary to have an old cat and her kitten walk into a discourse; it is not necessary to go away back for oxtail soup; it is not necessary to pick out orphan texts for sermons; it is not necessary to pick out homely qualities for prospective husbands. There are other every-day human touches which can be used, and which, it can be noticed, the ministers who attract large congregations do not hesitate to use.

## XV

### "JOHNNY STONYCHAP" AND "BILLY ROCKYROAD" THIRTY YEARS AGO

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ROCHESTER, New York, is one of America's greatest commercial cities, yet at the time of which I write the late Mr. Walter S. Hubbell conducted what was said to be the largest men's Bible class in the world. It consisted of over one thousand men from factories and offices.

Mr. Walter S. Hubbell was a leading lawyer of the city, and secretary of the Eastman Kodak Company. In addition to this he was the late Mr. George Eastman's closest friend. Indeed, one of the reasons given for Mr. Eastman's mysterious and sudden death was his grief over the loss of Mr. Hubbell, his counsellor and dearest companion. Mr. Hubbell told me that for years he had spent every Sunday afternoon with Mr. Eastman when that gentleman was in residence.

Mr. Walter S. Hubbell's friends wanted to do him honor, so a great banquet of his class was arranged. For the occasion the leading citizens of the city were



invited, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and myself were selected as two of the speakers.

When I arrived in Rochester I was met at the station by Mr. Hubbell and conducted to the leading hotel. After I had been settled in my room my host took me to lunch. Handing me the menu he said:

"Mr. Ridgway, what are you going to have for your lunch?"

"Whatever you have," was my reply.

"Well, I am going to order roast beef and oranges, with the vegetables."

"That sounds all right to me," I said, "but this combination is a new one. Is it a New York State specialty?"

While the waiter was away after the order, Mr. Hubbell explained:

"This particular dish has become very popular here in Rochester. Of the many business men of the city who will be lunching this noon, a surprising proportion will order roast beef and oranges.

"In fact," continued my host with a touch of pride, "I have the honor of introducing this fragrant and delectable combination into the city of Rochester. They bring the beauty of fresh green meadows and the odor of the orange blossoms right into the dining room."

When the waiter brought the lunch the *pièce de résistance* (following the language of the menu) was most attractive and appetizing in appearance. The beef had been cut from a large roast, such as hotels

buy, and the slices were laid out on a long flat plate. The color of the meat was a delicate shade of red, sort of a roast beef blush—just enough off from the well done on one side and rare on the other to be just right. Over this expanse of blushing beef was spread a row of orange slices, placed one over the other like the shingles upon a roof, and in a straight line right down the middle of the liberal portion of beef. The dish was garnished with water cress, and before us was an attractive and appetizing gastronomic study in green, red and yellow. Keep this picture before your mind's eye because "roast beef and oranges" will come into the story later on.

"How do you like it?" inquired Mr. Hubbell when we got down to the real business of the luncheon and the beef and oranges were disappearing.

I said, "It is just as nearly right as any new food arrangement could be. It would seem to me to be a near relation to our Pennsylvania roast turkey and cranberries. Indeed, as a team, roast beef and oranges would make a good eating mate for roast turkey and cranberries."

We finished our lunch and went our ways, and met together at the banquet in the evening.

There were over six hundred men present. At one end of the great banquet room, hanging high, was a fine portrait of Mr. Walter S. Hubbell, surrounded by sticks that looked like straws, but which turned out later, when lighted, to be "sparklers."

At the close of the dinner the chairman of the Entertainment Committee came to me and said, "Mr. Ridgway, something out of the ordinary is going to happen and we have enough confidence in you to know you will not take any offense if we take a few liberties with you."

I saw another man, at the same time, whispering to Mr. Rockefeller, and I caught on as to what was likely to happen. I said to my warner, "Go to it, old fellow, I'm with you one hundred per cent."

Suddenly a platform made its appearance in the far end of the room. On it was arranged the head table of an imaginary banquet, with the supposed Host Hubbell and other guests seated at it.

The pseudo-toastmaster arose and made a pompous burlesque speech, with much swelling of the breast and with words no one could understand—after the "Donald Duck" order.

He then introduced one of his speakers as "Mr. Johnny Stonychap."

"Mr. Stonychap" proceeded to make a speech, with much variety of inflections and a great waving of arms in gestures such as no orator ever used or dreamed of. His words could not be understood by the company, who strained their ears. And no wonder, for, as we learned afterward, he was just rapidly reciting over and over the German alphabet.

The toastmaster, as Stonychap finished, went into eruption again and introduced his second speaker as one "Billy Rockyroad." The burlesque was repeated,

with even more spirit and wilder gestures. What the man was saying was the Twenty-Third Psalm in Swedish. But the six hundred didn't fully understand what was going on at first and rather doubted the sharpness of their ears.

When this burlesque performance started I turned to the late Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, who was seated next to me, and said:

"Dr. Barbour, how long have you known Mr. Hubbell?"

"For many years."

"Will you tell me everything you know about my friend Hubbell since he came to Rochester?"

"I shall be glad to," replied the Doctor.

And so while "Johnny Stonychap" and "Billy Rockyroad" were putting on their stunt across the hall, convulsing the audience with laughter by their whim-whams, quips and jokes, Dr. Barbour poured into my ear the intimate Rochester history of Walter S. Hubbell.

When it came time for the serious business of the evening I was the first victim led to the oratorical altar. Host Hubbell, who presided, took occasion to continue the fun of "Billy Rockyroad." As he was one of my dearest friends he rubbed it in up and down and crossways, much to the enjoyment of the well-fed six hundred. And much to my satisfaction for what was to come.

Host Hubbell finally got tired of "playing with the

mouse" and in a few choice, complimentary and loving words he turned me over to the banqueters as "My dear friend William H. Ridgway, and fellow Sunday school teacher, who comes from the steel town of Coatesville, Pennsylvania."

Assuming a bewildered and confused and hesitating air I stammered: "Gentlemen, I am afraid some mistake has been made here tonight in the arrangements. I am neither Billy Rockyroad, as you know from what you saw and heard, nor am I William H. Ridgway from a steel, copper, lead, aluminum, or any other metal town. I am a lawyer and I belong in this city of lilacs, jumpin' jacks, come-backs, kodaks and all sorts of optical jimcracks.

"My name is Walter S. Hubbell, at your service for a little while. I am the teacher of this famous Hubbell Bible Class assembled here on this the greatest moment in a busy and happy life."

I then went on and told the rise of Host Hubbell from the day when as a struggling young lawyer he came into Rochester and hung out his shingle. How he studied the fine points of his profession as he waited for clients, and in this way became a real lawyer who knew the law.

I described his political career and his romantic courtship of one of the city's belles, and all the rest of the things Dr. Barbour had poured into my ear—plus a whole lot more of my imagination which the career suggested.

The six hundred, as I proceeded, sat and shook with merriment, in which Host Hubbell heartily joined.

As I arrived toward the end of my recital and came to my peroration, I struck my most eloquent attitude, and with one hand on my heart under my tux—à la Daniel Webster—and the other hand raised toward the large likeness of Mr. Hubbell, with its sparklers shining down upon his six hundred, I cried:

"Great as have been all these splendid achievements for the morals and the beauty and the welfare of my beloved city; as wonderful as has been my work in the political life of this great Empire State; the one thing I value the most, the one thing of which I am the proudest, is that it has been permitted to me, a humble citizen of this no mean city, to introduce that most colorful and delicious and man-making dish, *Roast Beef and Oranges!*"

I wish you could have seen that crowd! The six hundred "volleyed and thundered" as they all leaped to their feet. They carried on like a crowd of college boys at a reunion. I had gotten down where they all lived. I had been happy in guessing right. I was not the first and only one who had been personally introduced to Host Hubbell's bovine and citrus fruit hobby.

When the tumult had died away and all had gotten back to normal, I proceeded with my prepared address for the occasion, which was "The Christian Gentleman." Of course, Mr. Walter S. Hubbell, although not mentioned by name, was the inspiration of all I had to say.

*"Johnny Stonychap," "Billy Rockyroad" 115*

I was followed by the real speaker of the evening, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who added his testimony to the splendid work of this distinguished lawyer among the men of Rochester.

The Hubbell Bible Class later built themselves a fine building in which to hold their sessions. I was honored in being chosen to make the address of dedication. The great room was packed full on this Sunday afternoon with the leading men of the city, the great manufacturers, the foremost professional men, all to do honor and pay tribute to the man whose real business in life was not to practice law and win cases, but to win men and build Christian character.

POSTSCRIPT

Almost all the older men that gathered at this banquet on February 9, 1909, have gone to their "Long Home." Mr. Walter S. Hubbell has gone. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, who later became President of Brown University, has gone. Mr. George Eastman has gone. Of the men who sat at the head table only Johnny Stonychap and Billy Rockyroad remain after twenty-nine eventful years.

While Mr. George Eastman and Mr. Walter S. Hubbell had a Tennyson and Hallam, a David and Jonathan, a Damon and Pythias friendship, yet Mr. Eastman never had any religious connection or profession.

He said he thought that if he did all the good he could as the chance came along, that was all that was required of him. And he did a tremendous amount of good in building hospitals, colleges, Christian Associations and many other good works.

"That may meet your need all right, Mr. Eastman," I said, "when you are riding on the crest of the wave, with a great business perfectly organized and running like a fine watch and making a good profit for everybody. But in every life, sooner or later, there comes a Supreme Moment of some sort. When that moment drops down on a man, unless he has something outside of himself to grasp and hold, some great strong hand to take his weak little hand, some Rock of Ages in the cleft of which to hide from the storm, he is likely to crack when the tempest comes upon him."

As everyone knows, the Supreme Moment came for this fine, generous man—and he cracked, to the amazement of the whole world. A gun from his great collection of guns marked his departure to the country from which no big hunter or little hunter ever returns.



## XVI

### GIRARD COLLEGE

*[In noting the personal references to the author's family, it should be remembered that these stories were not written for publication, but for my grandchildren.]*

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IN the early part of the last century the city of Philadelphia was the leading city in the Union in the matter of foreign commerce.

The two principal merchants in the city were Stephen Girard and Jacob Ridgway. Each of these merchants had numerous ships which traded to the uttermost parts of the world.

Stephen Girard was a Frenchman. Jacob Ridgway was an English Quaker.

The Ridgways, who came over with Penn, had settled in what was known as West Jersey, the original homestead being at Egg Harbor, where they were extensive farmers. Jacob and John were the sons of the first John Ridgway. The farming life was not attractive to Jacob, so he journeyed to Philadelphia and took a position in one of the commercial houses. His

brother John who, to distinguish him from his father, was called "Gentleman John" Ridgway, remained on the farm.

As soon as Jacob had learned the importing and trading business he started in for himself, and in due course became one of the leading merchants of the city of Philadelphia, and, with Stephen Girard, one of the two leading merchants of the young nation.

The Ridgway line to which this writer belongs came from that brother known as "Gentleman John." He was our great-grandfather.

Jacob married and had a family, and when he died he left an estate of six million dollars, which in that day was considered a colossal fortune.

Jacob had two daughters and a son. One of these daughters was the celebrated Madam Rush, who was born Nancy Ridgway, and who married Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She had a large and beautiful home on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, which afterward became the Aldine Hotel. Here she entertained lavishly, and in her day was the arbiter of fashion. Her home was the gathering place of the distinguished citizens of the country and notable visitors. One of her friends was Aaron Burr, until he lost caste by killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel.

At her death her property passed to Dr. Rush, and with a portion of it he built the great library building at Broad and Prime Streets, Philadelphia. It is a heavy structure, after the Greek manner, so gloomy

and uninviting, and filled with books so "dry" that few visit it. It is known as the "Ridgway Library."

The other daughter, Susan, married Dr. Barton, and her fortune, by marriage, went to the Willings. Edward Willing's daughter was married to John Jacob Astor, and became the mother of the present Mr. Vincent Astor.

But I am not telling this story to give the history of the Ridgway family, but in order to compare two great merchants, Jacob Ridgway and Stephen Girard, and their two great fortunes. And what they did.

I neglected to say, however, that Jacob Ridgway's son, when he received his share of his father's estate, went to France and became a citizen of that country. His daughter, with her fortune, was married to a nobleman of the country, one Count Cheganey—if that is the way to spell it. The issue of this union was one young man. He was killed early in the Great War while riding on a caisson of the artillery, which crashed through a bridge. This was the end of the Jacob Ridgway millions. All gone, with nothing useful to show for them, unless it is the great gloomy Greek temple on South Broad Street, Philadelphia, to which scarcely anybody ever goes.

Now let us turn to the Frenchman, Stephen Girard.

Stephen Girard had no family to inherit his millions, but he was not so engrossed in money-making that all the "milk of human kindness" within him was dried up.

It is not known that Jacob Ridgway ever made a

single benefaction. If he gave any substantial support to any of the charities of the city of Philadelphia of his day, there is no record of it whatever that the present writer has discovered.

When the Asiatic cholera visited the city, all the well-to-do inhabitants who could fled from the place, the Ridgway family among the rest. Stephen Girard, however, remained in the city, and by his presence and influence alone rendered a tremendous service in keeping up the spirit of the common people who had to remain. Not only did he do this, but he went out and with his own hands, as far as he possibly could, relieved the suffering, and he gave most liberally of his means to the same end.

When in due course of nature he had to lay down his business and pass on to the other world, it was found he had made a magnificent provision for the orphan boys of his city and State in a great institution. This institution is famous as Girard College, which for many years has been turning out hundreds of the finest young men of the State and nation.

In those early days the favorite investment was lands. Stephen Girard invested his money in the wild lands up in the neighborhood of Pottsville and Scranton. Jacob Ridgway, on the other hand, invested in the wild lands up in the northwest. The town of Ridgway, in the heart of these possessions, is called for him. The Ridgway lands consisted of timber. This has been pretty well cut off years ago. Under the land has been found some natural gas and

oil. The children of Jacob Ridgway disposed of these lands shortly after they got them, and did not reap the rewards that would have come to them had they been held.

The lands of Stephen Girard, however, were found to be underlaid with "Black Diamonds," in the shape of anthracite coal, and being a part of the great Girard Estate, which he wisely left in the hands of the city of Philadelphia, an enormous revenue has been flowing in, so that the great marble buildings which make up Girard College are one of the sights worth seeing in the City of Brotherly Love.

While the buildings are most chaste and beautiful, yet the student body of orphans, from six to twenty-one years of age, and numbering from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred, is a sight alone worth going all the way to see.

When Stephen Girard drew his plans for his college he made certain stipulations. One of these stipulations is that no minister, clergyman or priest can ever be admitted to the grounds, not to speak of entering the buildings. The grounds are surrounded by high walls, and the only entrance is through gates carefully and sufficiently guarded.

This might sound rather "jaily" to anyone who did not know the college, but there is nothing "jaily" about it. Anyone who is not a minister or priest has free access to the place at any time, and the boys have just the same privileges as boys in any other educational institution.

The reason the clergy is kept out is not because Stephen Girard had anything against religion, but he wanted to make sure that his institution could never fall into the hands of any religious sect, but that it should be at all times a place where any orphan boy could be taken in, whether he was Protestant, Catholic, Jew or of another faith.

They tell an amusing story about the clergy restriction. When Congress was proposing an appropriation for some educational institutions, a committee was appointed to go around and visit the most successful institutions in the country in order that they might better understand what might be required. This committee visited Girard College among other places.

It happened that at that time it was the custom of some of the Southern Congressmen to wear long frock coats and little white neckties, and this made them look more like country preachers than politicians.

As the committee filed through the gate and this Congressman, with his long tail coat and little white bow and black felt hat, came to the warder, that official said, "My friend, I am very sorry, indeed, but according to the rules of this institution, I regret to say you cannot pass in."

The Congressman looked at him with a great deal of surprise and said, "The h—l I can't!"

The warder looked up also in surprise and said, "My friend, go right on in, you are perfectly eligible."

Notwithstanding no clergymen are permitted to enter even the expansive grounds of the institution, yet

the Board of City Trusts, which has charge of it, has always been very careful in selecting a president, and has never failed to choose a man noted for his high religious character.

Consequently, there is probably no institution in the whole United States where the religious note is so emphatically and continually sounded as within the walls of Girard College.

For many years the late Mr. B. B. Comegys, president of Philadelphia's largest bank, director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and head of the Board of City Trusts, almost every Sunday went to Girard College and made a religious address. These he afterward gathered together and they have all been published and are to be found in the college library. Mr. Comegys also sent me a copy of these addresses.

Dr. A. Cheesman Herrick, the president of Girard College, at the time of this story, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and one of the most outstanding Christian laymen in the city of Philadelphia. Under his guidance, when he does not conduct the religious services himself, laymen, whom he knows to be deeply religious, are invited to come to the college and speak to the boys.

One of the most inspiring sights anyone can ever look upon is to visit the college some Sunday and go to the chapel and attend one of these services. You are invited by Dr. Herrick, or his assistant, to take a seat upon the great platform. As you sit there, presently you will hear the bell, and as the tones of the bell die



away you see the doors open and in pours a stream of bubbling young life, just as though the big chapel had been sunk in a pond of liquid boys and they came pouring in through all the openings. Up on the front seats you will find the last comers to the institution, little fellows of six to ten years of age; then will come the older boys and then still older, in the order of their age.

Up in the gallery you will see a great company of two hundred all gathered together in one place. This is the choir, and they will sing for you. Their instructor is one of the best Professors of Music in the city of Philadelphia, and their singing is worth going many, many miles to hear.

They have a regular printed service they follow, and at the close of this service the speaker of the day is introduced and he makes his address. Even though the speaker is a man who does not need to be so told, his address is expected to be entirely religious and spiritual. I have spoken at Girard College under Mr. B. B. Comegys and also Dr. Herrick.

Here is the point I hope none of my readers will miss, as I consider it one of the most significant things in all my religious experience.

It should be borne in mind that the boys in Girard College are all boys who have lost their fathers. They come from the humbler walks of life, where the widow has had to make a fight to care for her little folks after the bread-winner has gone. They are of all religious denominations.

On the occasion of one of my talks I said to the great



crowd, of sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred boys, "How many of you boys, if you were home today, would be sent by your mother to Sunday School? Those of you who would have to go to Sunday school hold up your hand."

Every hand went up, and Dr. Herrick and his assistant, who were close by, said, "Why that is remarkable."

I said, "Doctor, has not that question ever been asked before?"

"No," said the Doctor, "it never has."

"Some of these boys are Jews and Catholics," said the Doctor.

"Well, up in Coatesville both the Jews and Catholics have Sunday schools. I expect they have such schools in other places—but maybe the boys did not understand me."

I then said, "Boys, Dr. Herrick is very much surprised at this showing of hands. They never knew that all of you boys come from families which believe in Sunday schools, but in order that there may be no mistake I want to ask it over again. Now how many of you fellows, if you were at home today and had not come to Girard College, would be made by your mother to shine up your shoes, wash your hands and comb your hair, and doll yourself all up and go to Sunday school, and if you did not go you knew what you were going to get when your mother found out you did not go? Now all you fellows who are Sunday school boys at home hold up your hands."

Again every hand went away up.

"Well, that is remarkable!" exclaimed the Doctor.

I turned to the teachers, who sat on the platform, and said, "How blind and hard-boiled we men are! Here the Old Book over in Jeremiah says to the godly Hebrew widows and through them to us, 'Leave your fatherless children; I will care for them, and let your widows trust in me.'

"Here these godly widows, who honor and love and obey their Heavenly Father, whether they are Jew or Christian, see to it that their children are instructed in the ways of godliness by sending them to Sunday school, and here God, according to His promise written hundreds of years ago, has taken the children of these widows and has put them in this magnificent institution, where they are sure to be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord."

This great institution has been going on year after year turning out young men, who now as older men are filling some of the best and highest positions in the country, and so great is the fame of the institution that for one of the graduates—they are kept there from small boyhood to young manhood—to say he is a Girard College man is one of the best recommendations he can have.

The Ridgway millions have evaporated among the French nobility. The Girard millions got down among the common people and year after year have been busy making fine men out of orphan boys.

## XVII

### CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE

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MR. FRED W. RAMSEY, who succeeded Dr. John R. Mott as General Secretary of the National Young Men's Christian Association, and has since retired, was formerly president of the Cleveland Metal Products Company.

I was visiting Mr. Ramsey some years ago when he was head of the Metal Products Company, and while there I had occasion to go to Akron, and inquired the best way to get there.

"I will send you down in the company's automobile with our Dan," said Mr. Ramsey, "and you can take all day for it if you like."

When Dan\* came around I found him a tall, raw-boned, quiet and retiring man, anywhere from thirty-five to forty years of age. He was driving a Peerless touring car.

"Dan," said Mr. Ramsey, "this is Mr. William Ridgway from Coatesville, Pennsylvania, who is an old friend of mine. He wants to go to Akron. Now you take good care of him and take him wherever he wants to go."

\* See ref. p. 132.

Dan took off his cap and said, "Glad to meet ya." We shook hands and I got in, and we started.

While in the city traffic I knew that Dan had his hands full to take the car through safely, but after we got out on the brick road to Akron I tried to open up a conversation and find out something about Dan.

I am not a very hard man to get acquainted with. Having spent all my life among mechanics and other working men, and having a Sunday school class of some three hundred of them, I generally get along with such men very nicely, but in spite of all I could do in that thirty mile ride I could not get anything out of Dan but "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." I tried him at every angle. Because I was visiting in the fine home of the President of the Company for which he worked Dan had evidently automatically put me in the "High Hat Class."

I said, "Dan, how long have you been with the Company?"

"Ten years."

"Do you often drive down to Akron?"

"No, sir."

"This is lovely country we are going through, Dan."

"Yes, sir."

"The Peerless is made here in Cleveland, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"It used to be a pretty good sort of a car."

"Yes, sir."

"I think the same man who made the Packard car created the Peerless, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you do anything else for the company?"

"No, sir."

"Dan, do you go to church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are a Christian, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

And so it went on "Yes, sir"—"No, sir" all the way down to Akron.

We arrived at Akron between one and two o'clock, and I said to Dan, "Now, Dan, I expect we ought to have some lunch, but I don't want to go over there to the Portage Hotel and have a regular lunch. Don't you know some little restaurant somewhere around where we can pull up and get a bite to eat?"

"Yes, sir," said Dan.

We parked our car in front of a restaurant which had white letters on the window and went in. It was a little late for lunch and there was nobody much in the restaurant. As I looked over the bill-of-fare I saw the item "New England Dinner." I said to the waitress, "I see you have a New England dinner here. I don't care for the turnips, carrots and potatoes, but I would like to have, if I can get it, an order of corned beef and cabbage, pumpkin pie, a cup of coffee and a glass of milk—serve the milk with the pie."

Dan said, "That will suit me too."

The corned beef and cabbage were brought and we sat up to the counter and enjoyed our abbreviated New England dinner.

After we came out of the restaurant and got into the car to go around and visit the people I wanted to call on, I had an entirely different Dan. When we turned our car north on the homeward trip Dan's tongue broke loose. I did not have to ask him a single question. He told me all about himself, all about his family, his adventures in the West and his present job. He had always been very active in his church and all his children went to Sunday school.

The corned beef and cabbage had made us thirsty, and all along the way were boys and girls, in their front yards, with tubs, in which were big pieces of ice and immersed in the tub were bottles of various kinds of drinks. Now and then we stopped for a drink. We took it either directly out of the bottle or by dropping in a straw and sucking it out. We would resume our journey and Dan would resume his conversation.

The corned beef and cabbage was the homely touch that brought me out of the fine dining room of Fred Ramsey, the "big boss," and transformed me into one of the "hands" up at the lunch counter—with Dan, the man!

This was on Friday. When Sunday morning came at the Ramsey country place, where we all were, Fred came in and said, "Look here, Ridgway, what did you do to Dan on Friday when you were down at Akron?"

"I didn't do anything to him," I replied, "except we had a fine day together. I did not even give him

a tip, as I expected to consult you and see him later out here."

"Well," said Fred, "Dan don't come out here. He only drives for the factory. I have a chauffeur who drives my Packard car for the family, but when I hired Johnson\* the stipulation was that he should not do any Sunday work, so on Sunday I, myself, drive the family into Sunday school and church."

Mr. Fred Ramsey, by the way, is superintendent of one of the largest and most flourishing Sunday schools in the city of Cleveland.

Said he, "To our surprise Johnson is out here this morning and he has come to see whether he can have the privilege of driving Mr. Ridgway around to the different places where he is to speak today. Because this was such an unusual thing for him to do I thought perhaps you had done something special for Dan."

"No, friend Ramsey, the only thing I did to Dan was to go to a little restaurant down there at Akron and order corned beef and cabbage. Dan ordered the same, and that corned beef and cabbage apparently has put us both in the same class. I am no longer, so far as Dan is concerned, your 'High Hat' guest from the East, but just an ordinary working man like himself. Johnson has been around with Dan, and Dan has apparently spoken such good words for me that Johnson wants to have a little fellowship with me too. I was able, with Dan, to talk to him a little along religious lines. I gave him some of the Promises to

\* See ref. p. 132.



encourage him in his Christian life, and perhaps this man Johnson of yours has a little more religion in him than you have ever suspicioned; maybe Johnson feels the need of the same sympathetic touch and that is why he wants to go around with me today and hear me speak in your Sunday school and in the other churches where I am billed."

"Well," said Fred, "this is awful good news to me. I never knew that Dan was religiously inclined, although I know he is a pretty good fellow, and Johnson, while all that could be desired in a chauffeur, has never shown any particular inclination to anything religious, although I might have suspicioned as much when he insisted that he should not have to work on Sunday."

I wonder if we men who are employers do not often have hundreds of Dans and Johnsons all around us, and if we would just some day get away from beef-steak and lamb chops and get down to corned beef and cabbage we would not make interesting discoveries!

Kipling sings:

The Colonel's Lady and Biddy O'Grady  
Are sisters under the skin.

So:

The Plant's "Old Man" and Johnson and Dan  
Are brothers down in their hearts.

\* The names of Dan and Johnson are: Daniel Lanszendorfer and Johnson MacDowell.

One of our foreign visitors was before the Judge for citizenship.

Judge: What is your name?

F. V.: Michael Yeuchickovitch.

Judge: How do you spell it?

F. V.: Ay don't sphe! ut. I joost poosh ut.



# XVIII

## FOSTER OF OTTUMWA

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THE company with which I am connected manufactures a special type of elevator which goes by steam, through direct attachment to the boilers of the plant. The slogan under which we advertise the machines is "Hook 'er to the Biler." This expression was gotten from a rolling mill man who wished to explain to a court how a certain machine operated.

A while ago John Morrell & Company of Ottumwa, Iowa, were building a packing house in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The John Morrell concern is one of the largest and most successful packing houses, in the quality of its output, in the world. It was owned largely in England.

The head of John Morrell Company was the late Mr. Thomas D. Foster. Mr. Foster was very active in all kinds of church work. He was not only the leading spirit in the local church at Ottumwa, where his great plant is situated, but he was interested in missions all around that city. He was also the president of the local Young Men's Christian Association and a leader in all civic enterprises for the betterment of the people.

Some idea of the size of the Ottumwa plant can be had when it is stated that they killed six thousand hogs there every day, and in addition great quantities of other stock. These facts should be borne in mind for the appreciation of what is to follow.

The new factory at Sioux Falls required four elevators, and our company was asked to put in a tender for the work. This we did. In due course we received word that the elevators were to be awarded on a certain date, and if we hoped to be considered in the matter we would have to have a representative on the ground at a certain date.

Our company has never had any agencies nor any district representatives, but we got our goods to market entirely by trade paper advertising.

The only person available to go to Sioux Falls, after this very desirable order, was William H. Ridgway, the writer. However, to get there at the time named it would be necessary to take the train on Sunday. The Ridgway concern had a rule that no work should be done on Sunday, except that which was absolutely necessary, and in the history of the company no one had ever started out for business on the Lord's Day. Consequently, a very polite letter was written to John Morrell & Company at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, stating that while our company would be delighted to receive the order, yet we could not get there unless we should take the train on Sunday. Therefore, we would not be present at the time named.

Afterward we received an order for one of the four

elevators. Why we should not have received all or none we could not understand, but small favors are always gratefully received, and we proceeded to fill the order.

Sometime after that W. H. Ridgway was laid up with the quinsy. While in bed Mr. Fred Goodwin, at that time the religious work secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., called and was shown into the bedroom. During the course of the call Mr. Goodwin said, "Do you know Thomas D. Foster of Ottumwa, Iowa?"

I replied, "No, I have never heard of him."

"Well," he said, "he is the head of John Morrell & Company, who have a great packing house at Ottumwa, and he is a very active Christian. During my trip west I was entertained by him. He did not know that I knew you, but during the course of our talk one evening he said:

"There is a fellow in the east I would like to meet!"

"Who is that?" I asked.

"A man by the name of William H. Ridgway, of Coatesville, Pa. He makes elevators."

"Why, I know him very well," said Fred Goodwin; "he is one of my oldest and best friends."

"Well, he is different from any man I have ever found in business," said Mr. Foster. "We were building our plant at Sioux Falls and in the building there were four elevators. I had read the advertisements of the Ridgway concern and suggested to the architect

that he get prices from Ridgway. This he did. When it came time to award the contract I went to Sioux Falls and word was sent to all the bidders to be on hand when the work was to be given out. Among them was Ridgway, but instead of sending a man we got a letter from Ridgway which went on to say that while they would like very much to have the order, which was most desirable, yet they had made it a rule of their business always to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, and they would not start out, even after a most desirable order, on the Lord's Day.

"Our architect preferred electric elevators and insisted on the plant's being equipped entirely with electric elevators. I said, "Mr. Architect, I like the way the man Ridgway writes, and I am pretty well convinced that a man who would write a letter like that would make a high-grade elevator, therefore, I insist that at least one of these elevators shall be a Ridgway Elevator." So the Ridgway Elevator was put in."

"So that explains it," I said to Fred. "I never could understand why we did not get all or none of those elevators."

"That is not all of it," said Fred. "Mr. Foster went on to say that the Ridgway Elevator was so far superior to the other three that the only regret of John Morrell & Company was that they had not ordered the whole four machines from the Ridgway Company."

About a year after this we received a letter from John Morrell & Company of Ottumwa, Iowa, asking

that the first time any of the Ridgway concern happened to be in the West they would like to have him call at their plant and confer with them about changing over some of their elevators.

There were several other concerns in Iowa corresponding with us at that time, so an effort was made to arrange it so that all these might be visited by W. H. Ridgway on one trip. By looking up the schedule I found I could take in all the places I had to see by spending Sunday in Ottumwa. I wrote to Mr. Foster telling him when I was coming out to Iowa, and that I would plan to spend Sunday in Ottumwa, if it would be possible to see him on Monday.

I got a telegram from him as follows:

"I will see you on Monday. Will you be my guest in my home on Sunday?"

To which I replied, "I will be delighted to be your guest on Sunday."

Then came a telegram, "I am arranging a men's meeting for you in the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon. Will it be all right?"

To which I replied, "The Sunday afternoon meeting will be all right."

Then came another telegram, "I am arranging a mass meeting of all the churches for you on Sunday night. Will it be agreeable?"

To which I replied, "I can stand it if the people can."

I arrived at Ottumwa on the midnight train Saturday. Mr. Foster met me at the station in a Victoria

with two snow-white horses. I was driven to his beautiful mansion on the top of the hill and entertained like a prince.

The next day I accompanied Mr. Foster to his Sunday school, where he taught an adult class. In introducing me to his class he told the story of the Sioux Falls elevators, and how I refused to start after business on Sunday. After the class I had to speak to the whole Sunday school, and Mr. Foster told the story again to the Sunday school. After Sunday school I was put in the pulpit to make the morning address, and in introducing me Mr. Foster told the Sioux Falls story.

In the afternoon I was introduced to the big company of men at the Y. M. C. A., and in introducing me Mr. Foster told the Sioux Falls story, and he stated he had asked me to come out there to see him and take up the matter of elevators with him on the morrow. Of course I was glad to do this.

In the evening at the mass meeting at the church it became Mr. Foster's duty to introduce me. As he had told the Sioux Falls story about four times that day it was beginning to get a little stale, so he thought he would vary it a little bit; so in telling the Sioux Falls story and how I had refused to start after business on Sunday he said:

"I have sent for him to come out and take up the matter of changing elevators in our plant here at Ottumwa." Then concluded Mr. Foster, "Tomorrow morning I expect to give him the order for changing

all the elevators in our plant here over to his system, which he calls 'Hook 'er to the Biler.'"

When I stepped forward I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been a great pleasure, indeed, to spend this day with Mr. Foster and his friends. This is my fifth address today. Mr. Foster has been telling the story of the Sioux Falls incident, apparently to demonstrate the value of keeping the Ten Commandments, especially that one Commandment which begins 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy,' but tonight I think the story does not illustrate so much the importance of keeping God's laws; it is more a magnificent illustration of abiding faith. I call this great company to witness that here on this platform Mr. Foster, before any prices have been named at all, has virtually given me the order—and on the Lord's Day too at that, mark you!—and at my own prices, for changing all the elevators in his great plant over to my system. Tomorrow morning if you will come down to the office of John Morrell & Company you will all have a demonstration that Mr. Foster is a good sport."

The audience all burst into laughter, and I went ahead and made my usual address.

The next morning I went to the plant, and in company with his engineer I took all the necessary measurements. As I came into Mr. Foster's office he said, "Have you everything you need?"

I said, "I certainly have."

"Well," he said, "I am a good sport. Go home and

make the machines and make the bill as low as you possibly can."

Of course we made out the specifications and prices in the usual way. The work was done, and Mr. Foster's sons, who conduct the very successful business, to this very day continue the warm friends of our company.

It might not be out of place to add a little postscript to this story:

Years ago companies in America were advertising "Pure Lard." The English Government had occasion to buy great quantities of this product, so they sent to America and got samples from the leading packers. With the exception of John Morrell & Company and another packing house, all the samples of lard had been adulterated. John Morrell and this other packing house were the only two whose lard by chemical analysis proved to be free from other ingredients. The result was that the plant of John Morrell & Company was put to the very highest place in the opinion of the English Government. The concern has always been one of the most prosperous of American packing houses. Their goods are marketed under the name of "Pride of Iowa," and stand at the very top of packing house products.

These things usually go together. That Sunday in Ottumwa I became, not merely the manufacturer from the East, but one of the fellow citizens in the Sunday school and church in the morning, at the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the afternoon and in the mass union meet-



ing at night. The next day, most of which I spent in the great plant measuring up my data, I found myself, as I moved among the hundreds of men, in a company of good friends who gave me lots of help in a big hard job. That is to say, I was made one of the hands!

## XIX

### THE HIGH OFFICIAL OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND WILLIAM

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ONE evening I was asked to go and speak at the Eighth Street Mission in Philadelphia. This mission was held in the Eighth Street Theater, and the services did not begin until ten o'clock.

I took my Rock Run associate, Mr. O. L. Channel, with me and we went on an early train to Philadelphia.

A group of church people were holding evangelistic meetings Sunday evenings in the Garrick Theater, and so after having our supper we went to the Garrick Theater, and got seats in the lowest private box on the right-hand side. The speaker for the evening was Dr. Charles Erdman, now at Princeton Theological Seminary, but at that time minister of the First Presbyterian Church at Germantown.

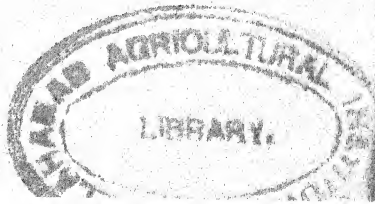
Every Sunday afternoon he held services in the Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A. at Fortieth Street, West Philadelphia. He had been serving the Pennsylvania Railroad in the capacity of Sunday afternoon

speaker so long he could probably be called the minister of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

During the course of his address Dr. Erdman, to whom I had often given some of my good stories, turned his face around to where I sat, as much as to say, "Ridgway, I am going to give you a story in exchange for the one you gave me the other day." Then he told this story:

Said Mr. Erdman, "I learned a while ago that a high official of the Pennsylvania Railroad was very sick, and I thought it was my duty to call and inquire for him, so I went to his home, not farther than half a dozen squares from where I am speaking. When my name was taken to the sick man he asked me to come to see him. I had a very nice talk with him, and in the course of my talk I said, 'Mr. "High Official," I don't want to alarm you, but they tell me you are a very sick man. How are your relations with your Saviour? Are you all right with Him?'

"Mr. 'High Official' smiled and said, 'Dr. Erdman, my religious life, I am sorry to say, is one of the things I have neglected. While nominally I was a Christian, yet really I had never given careful consideration to the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ upon me, and as I have lain here in bed I realized I was approaching the close of my life. So I sent for William, and William has been here and the Lord has graciously permitted him to lead me into the Kingdom. I am glad to tell you, Dr. Erdman, I was never more happy nor more peaceful in my life, as I lie here in my bed patiently



waiting for my summons to join my Saviour Up Yonder.'

"We had a little prayer together and then I went away," said Dr. Erdman, "and a while afterward we learned the great man had passed on and today he is rejoicing in the presence of his Lord."

He continued, "Now I expect you say, 'Who is William?' William was a policeman who got into bad habits and became a drunkard. He was a good policeman when he was sober and the Police Department put up with him as long as they possibly could, but he got worse and worse and they had to discharge him. He went lower and lower until he got down to the very depths of the slums of the city of Philadelphia. At some meetings being held throughout the city by the Presbyterian Social Union, William wandered in and there heard the gospel, with the result that he went forward to the Mourners' Bench, and was thoroughly converted and born again.

"After his conversion he wanted to go to work, and the only job he could get was handling freight out at the Mantua Station. The roustabouts at that station at that time were a pretty hard-boiled lot, but William led such a sweet Christian life among those rough men they all came to love him, and he was the means of changing the lives of most of them.

"The news of this seemed to have come to the office of the 'High Official' of the great railroad company, so when he wanted to know the way of life he did not send for me, nor for any other clergyman, but he sent

for the whilom drunken policeman, who had sunk to the very depths of sin and misery and had been lifted up by the great hand of his Saviour; and William, in his simple, earnest way, the humblest employee, perhaps, of the great Pennsylvania Railroad System, was the man who led the 'High Official' into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The possibilities of a single human life are so tremendous that sometimes we stand in amazement when we see what is done.

Anyone who saw the drunken bum, called William, in Dr. Erdman's story, would have considered him about as far removed from Mr. "High Official" of the Pennsylvania Railroad and one of the greatest and most cultured of American gentlemen, as one human being could be from another. There was not only the great social gulf, but the vocational gulf as well. It is a long call from the "High Officialdom" of America's greatest Railroad System to the work of a day laborer handling freight at a transfer station.

As we live our lives among our fellow-men here in this world we little realize what wonderful things are going on all around us.

God not only puts a special mark on every one of His human creatures, but He seems to have planted in the nature of man something which, in spite of how far down the devil may drag him, makes it possible for him to be reached and lifted up.

The Salvation Army was well advised when they adopted the slogan, "Down but never out."

## XX

### HITCH UP OR SHUT UP

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SOME years ago, before the days when Mr. Ford had so widely sown his "Tin Lizzies," I received a very sad and mournful letter from a country parson. This minister said he served two churches in two small towns which were on the railroad, and which were about six or seven miles distant one from the other. It had been his custom, on Saturday night, to go to the far town and hold service in the morning and then take the train Sunday afternoon and come back to the home town and hold service in the evening.

This had been a satisfactory arrangement until some months before, when certain members of the congregation had raised the point that he was desecrating the Lord's Day by riding on the steam cars Sunday afternoon on his way back to the evening service.

Ever since this criticism, which came from important members of his church, he had been walking the six or seven miles. However, he now found that walking this long distance on Sunday afternoon was so trying, especially in bad weather, that at night he was

almost too tired to attend to his duties. In fact, he had come to the point where something had to be done about it.

Some of his congregation were readers of my stuff and set some store by my judgment in religious matters. He therefore had taken the liberty to write me for my advice as to what was the best thing to do. I wrote him as follows:

MY DEAR PARSON:

In the matter of your walking the six to seven miles, I would say your congregation is perfectly scriptural in their criticism. The Scripture says, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat.'

Your Sunday afternoon railroad ride apparently is offending certain good people in your congregation, therefore, you must not use the cars.

I would suggest that you call your Official Board (and perhaps the members of your congregation) together and read them this letter, as my suggestion for the proper handling of the situation and the solution of the problem—if you want to call it a problem.

Let the congregation build, or hire, you a barn; let them stock this barn with hay and oats for horse feed, and straw for bedding; let them purchase you a horse and buggy all completely furnished. With this you cannot only drive the distance between your two charges, but it will be useful to you, and go for better pastoral service, in visiting your congregations. It will also have the fine effect of adding importance to your church.

*Draw Up a Chair*

That is to say, you can tell them Mr. Ridgway says it is simply a case of "Hitch Up" or "Shut Up."

Yours with regards  
WM. H. RIDGWAY.

A week or so later I received the following letter from the country parson:

MY DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

I received your letter and I read it before the congregation at our last Sunday service. There was later a meeting of the Official Board and some of the most important members of the congregation, and after some discussion they resolved that, on more careful consideration, since the train would be running anyway, whatever happened, it was all right for me to ride on the cars.

Yours with thanks,

THOMAS JONES.

Our President, a while ago, said something about getting back to the good old "horse and buggy days." In this story he was anticipated!



## XXI

### SAVING THE FACE OF A GREAT COLLEGE

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ONE day I received a letter from the young men, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston, who conduct *The Tech Engineering News*, asking me if I would prepare them an article for their paper.

I am a civil engineer by profession, specializing in mechanical engineering. They expected a technical article. Instead I wrote them an article of an entirely different sort, an account of which will appear later.

I keep a log just like a sailor, and I wrote in my log that night, "I have written an article for the *Tech Engineering News* but it will be back in a few days."

Sure enough, back came the article with a shame-faced kind of a letter from the editors, stating that while they liked my article very well certain influences in the faculty had turned it down as being entirely unfit for an engineering publication.

I never took the manuscript out of its wrapper, but pasted on the address anew and sent it back, with the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

My manuscript came back, just as I expected it would. I had a particular object in writing you this article. I am not out writing articles for college publications of limited circulation, as the best magazines in the country will publish my stuff and pay me well for it. As an engineer in sympathy with the college's work I desired to render your institution a service.

Roger Babson has just recently published a delightful book called "Making Good in Business." In the last chapter of this book he tells how he was brought up in a Christian home at Gloucester, Massachusetts, active in the church and Sunday school, and in the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. When old enough he was sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and there certain influences in the teaching force succeeded in driving out all his religion and turned him out little short of an atheist. This book is a good one, and should have a rather extended circulation.

Now I want to ask you, Mr. Editor, what right-minded father and mother, after bringing up a boy in a sheltered Christian home, is going to permit him to come to your institution to have all that religion, which was put into this nation by the Puritans, Quakers and Cavaliers, destroyed for a lot of Bolshevistic atheism?

Not only that, but I notice, like other colleges, you are out for endowment. What right-minded man is going to give money to endow a college for undermining the religion of this country, founded by the three classes above mentioned, both Protestant and Catholic?

Further, I happen to know the man who gave you the millions with which you erected the magnificent buildings on the Charles River. I sold him my machinery when he was a poor rolling mill superintendent at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He lives but a few miles south of Coatesville, and the whole family are church people. He would not stand for two minutes the irreligious stuff of Boston Tech.

It was from these considerations I prepared the article, that you might print it in your magazine as an antidote for the poisonous influence that comes from the faculty.

By return mail I received the following letter from the editors of *The Tech Engineering News*:

MY DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

I am glad to advise you we have received your article again and it will not only be printed in *The Tech Engineering News*, but will be printed in that issue of the *News* which has the largest circulation, and which comes out in May when the class graduates.

When the May issue of *The Tech Engineering News* came out, "Lo and behold! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!" It was the first and leading article in the publication.

I received a letter from Dr. Stratton, the president of the college at the time, thanking me for the service which I had rendered the institution, and assuring me that the conditions to which Mr. Roger Babson re-

ferred in his book no longer existed in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This was in May. In the following winter one evening as we were listening over the radio the voice said, "The air will now be cleared as the alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston is meeting in sixty different centers and will be addressed over the air by Dr. Stratton, the President."

Dr. Stratton then came over the radio with the usual college president address, stating the needs of the college and other details interesting to alumni. He closed his address by saying, "All the right-minded members of the alumni will be pleased to know the unsatisfactory religious conditions which formerly existed at the college have all been corrected."

I jumped up from my chair and tossed a pillow over toward Mrs. Ridgway and cried, "Hurrah for the little old smoky, dirty steel town of Coatesville! Her influence has been able to penetrate even the cold and classic atmosphere of Boston."

It might be said in passing, it is the conviction of the present writer that in almost every case where a college has gotten the unfortunate reputation of being "a hot-bed of irreligion," it has been because of one or two voiceful unbelieving members of the teaching staff. I am happy to say I have found the faculties of our great colleges to be made up of godly men and women—Protestant, Catholic and Jew. The agnostic and atheistic teachers have never been the outstanding Professors.

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What was the article which *The Tech Engineering News* printed? Well, here are the bones of it:

### THE WAY UP

BY WILLIAM H. RIDGWAY, C. E.

President, The Craig Ridgway & Son Co., Coatesville, Pa.

(Reprinted From "The Tech Engineering News")

*We take stock in things according to the source from which they come. What Mr. Ridgway tells us in this article we have probably heard from other sources, but this time it comes from a man who is both a civil engineer with the degree of C. E. and a successful business man. As president of the Craig Ridgway and Son Company, manufacturers of Steam-Hydraulic Elevators, Mr. Ridgway is in a position to know big men—men who have attained distinction for themselves in the engineering field, and he has made a study of these men to determine just what is behind their success.*

*"If I had your company of undergraduates before me," Mr. Ridgway says in his letter accompanying this article, "together with your more recent alumni, I would say to them, 'Boys, if you can get the idea of what I have to say into your system good and proper you will be the men at the head of things in the next generation.' If they should with one voice yell, 'Why?' I would reply, 'Because the men of this generation who are the heads of things have come up this very way.'"*—(EDITOR)

This chapter is an exhibit and not the presentation of an argument. That is to say, it is a statement of facts. The things stated are either so or they are not so. If they are so, there is only one conclusion to be drawn, and he who runs may read.

•As this incident occurred some years ago, some of the folks mentioned have gone to their "Long Home."

## THE BOYS FROM THE WEST

During the war the writer offered his services to the Government along with other good citizens. He was too old to sleep in the mud and fight cooties, so the Government used him in the military camps and navy yards to talk to the boys gathered there from all over the country. At the League Island Navy Yard, where were gathered a great company of young men, mostly from the Middle West, where they never see any salt water, something like this was said:

"When you fellows get out on that big man-of-war lying there at the dock it will make no difference where you are employed, whether handling ashes down in the hold, or up in the engine room oiling the bearings and wiping up the brasses, or a job on the deck with the guns, keeping them in order, or a better job yet in the galley with the cook, or a still higher job up in the chartroom with the officers, you know and I know and every sane man knows, you will never get anywhere so far as advancement is concerned, and you will not have a particularly comfortable time on the cruise, *unless you stand in with the captain.*"

These were bright young men, and I did not have to elaborate by calling to their attention that this old world of ours after all is nothing but a big boat sailing through the Milky Way and swinging around the sun, and no one ever gets very far *to stay*, so far as advancement is concerned, nor does he have a particularly joyful time on the voyage if he does not stand in with the Captain Up Yonder, whether he can see Him or not!

## THE BIG ADVERTISERS

For some thirteen years I have been investigating big business. Up to the present time I have not found a single big business of any long standing or of any permanent success but somewhere in it and responsible for that success is to be found a godly man. He may be a Protestant or a

Catholic or a Jew, but he is a man who stands for these high things, and has that "*Trust*" which is stamped on all our gold and silver coins.

I have stood before great gatherings of college men and have challenged them to name me one of the big advertisers of the country, the concerns that spend millions of dollars in the magazines and other places, that I cannot tell what kind of religious activity the man—or men—at the head of it is engaged in.

#### WITH THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Some time ago a professor in the Union College at Schenectady, New York, had me up there to speak to the men of that city. When a friend, who is connected with the General Electric Company, heard I was going to Schenectady to speak he said to me, "Ridgway, when you get to Schenectady you want to lay off that hobby of yours about big business being in the hands of godly men."

"Why?" I asked.

"Simply because the General Electric Company is an exception to your contention."

"All right," I replied, "we'll see about that. Perhaps it is the exception that will prove the rule."

Here is what I found when I got to Schenectady:

Dr. Edwin W. Rice, Jr., then president, is the son of the Rev. Edwin W. Rice, who for over twenty-one years has been at the head of the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia. While I was there I got a copy of the speech which President Rice made at the sixty-fifth anniversary of his father in that Sunday school connection.

A vice president of the company, Mr. Burchard, is the son of that Rev. Dr. Burchard who spilled James G. Blaine's beans when he said in a speech that the Democratic party stood for "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Another vice president of the company is Mr. Charles Patterson who, when I was in Schenectady a while before, was super-



intendent of a Methodist Sunday school. He is now located in New York City. The Treasurer, Mr. Darling, taught a Bible class in the Presbyterian Church. The General Manager, Mr. Dalton, had just been made President of the local Y. M. C. A. Mr. Emmons, the General Superintendent, who has just retired, sent me word that he was sorry he could not attend the meetings at which I was to speak, because he had another engagement. He wanted me to know, however, that he was in sympathy with everything for which I stood. The Head Chemist cross-questioned me like a Philadelphia lawyer as to the best way of conducting a men's Bible class.

This is the kind of *exception to prove the rule* that the General Electric Company at Schenectady happens to be!

#### WITH THE PURCHASING AGENTS

When the Advertising Clubs of the World met at Atlantic City, I was asked to make the opening address in the Industrial Section. Instead of taking the technical subject which was assigned me, I thought it would be helpful to the men who were in the advertising game to call attention to the kind of men who were at the head of concerns to which they expected to sell the goods they were advertising.

I investigated purchasing agents and made this discovery: I found that every one of the great corporations spending the millions, when they came to select the man for the tremendously important position of purchasing agent, did not go to the Great White Ways, to the night clubs, to the pool rooms, to the race tracks, to the card tables, to the sporting places or other such resorts to get their man. *In every case they went to the church and Sunday school for him.*

For example: The Purchasing Agent of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Porcher, is active in the Episcopal Church. Another Purchasing Agent of the P. R. R., Mr. Grone, who has since gone into business for himself, is



Superintendent of a Christian Sunday school in Philadelphia. The Purchasing Agent of the United States Steel Company, Mr. Millar, is a man who goes out and makes religious addresses. The Purchasing Agent of the Bethlehem Steel Company, Mr. Charles Holton, is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church and a teacher in the Sunday school.

The Purchasing Agent of the United Gas Improvement Company, Mr. Pearson, is a vestryman in the Episcopal Church, and his assistant, Mr. Hubbs, is a Trustee in the First Presbyterian Church in Germantown. The Purchasing Agent of "Heinz' 57 Varieties," Mr. Kober, teaches a Sunday school class in the Methodist Church. The Purchasing Agent of the International Harvester Company, Mr. MacDonald, is also an active Sunday school man.

Some time ago I had Mr. A. C. Bedford, the head of the Standard Oil Company, to dinner with me, and we were discussing this very matter. I asked him how it was with the thirty-four subsidiaries of the Standard Oil Company, and he replied, "So far as I know, the same thing holds true."

Up to the present time I have not found a single large concern with a sporty, godless Purchasing Agent. I knew of one large concern, the very largest in its particular line, whose owner made the boast that he had everything in his cellar fit for a man to drink. When he came to select a purchasing agent, he selected a Baptist Deacon. I asked him why he did not select one of his own kind. He said, "That would not be good business." Do you get it?

#### AT BRYN MAWR

Some time ago a professor of Bryn Mawr College broke into the newspapers with the statement that eighty per cent of the scientific men of the country did not believe in the immortality of the soul. That is a highbrow way of saying, "have no religion." I asked the President of the University of Pennsylvania, himself a great scientific man, Dr. Edgar

Fahs Smith, "Is it true?" He replied, "The statement is ridiculous. Pay no attention to it."

Just for instance, the leading doctors in this land are Christian men. The Mayos of Rochester, Minnesota, Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Michigan, and Dr. Kelly and Dr. Finney of Baltimore. These are the greatest of doctors. The doctors to whom other doctors themselves go when something goes wrong with them and they want a good doctor!

I wrote to the editor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, in which the statement appeared, stating that whether the claim of the Bryn Mawr professor was true or not, I would like to call the *Ledger's* attention to the fact that right alongside of the Bryn Mawr Woman's College was the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church.

The men who were at that time officers of that church, men who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and who gave employment to thousands and thousands of the men who make the happy homes in and around Eastern Pennsylvania, all believed in the immortality of the soul. Some of the officers of the church were the following:

Mr. Samuel Rea, then President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was a Trustee. Mr. William Patton, his then assistant, was also a Trustee. Mr. Alba Johnson, then President of Baldwin Locomotive Works, was an Elder in that church. Mr. William Austin, Chairman of the Board of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, was an Elder. Mr. Sylvester Marvin, head of the National Biscuit Company, was an Elder. Mr. Pew, head of the Sun Oil Company, was another Trustee. Mr. William Steen, the Treasurer of the du Pont Company, another Elder. Dr. Wilbur, the chocolate manufacturer, another Elder. Mr. Clarkson Clothier, of Strawbridge & Clothier, the great merchants, another Elder.

Mr. Charles Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer of the

*Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman*, etc., was a Trustee in that church. Mr. Frank Roberts, the great blast furnace engineer, was a Trustee.

Since we are writing for Engineers, it is very interesting to note that Mr. A. C. Shand, the Chief Engineer of the great Pennsylvania Railroad system, is a Trustee of the Narberth Presbyterian Church; his First Assistant Engineer, Mr. Ed. Temple, is a Quaker, and his Second Assistant, Mr. John Murray, is a Roman Catholic.

#### NO END TO THEM

So we could go on telling of others, filling this whole Tech magazine with statements of facts such as the above, but what has been written is sufficient to cause any sensible fellow to sit up and take notice.

Just as I write this article, Mr. Walter S. Gifford has been made president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. When I saw the announcement in the paper, I wrote and asked him how about it. He replied, "I was brought up in the Christian Church and am still a Christian."

#### THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CORPORATION

Lots of people do not know that Judge Gary, the head of the United States Steel Company, the world's greatest corporation, is a Methodist and used to be a Sunday school teacher in the Methodist Sunday school. Mr. Farrell, the president of the United States Steel Company, is an earnest Roman Catholic, as is Charles Schwab, the head of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Any young fellow who thinks it is smart to be profane, irreligious and sporty, simply "breaks his merlassus jug," as Uncle Remus would say.

So in closing we want to say, as we said when we began, no man ever gets very far in this world to stay who does not *stand in with the Captain*.